The Outlook

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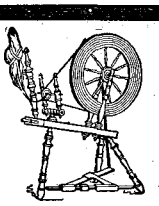

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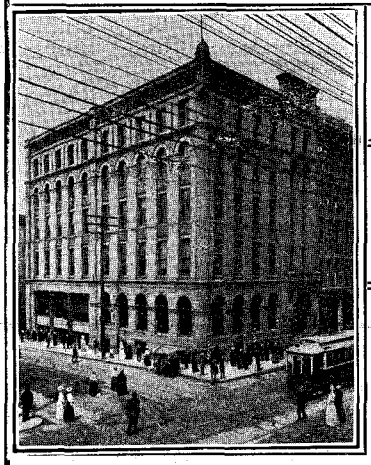

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1907

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The Peace Congress in New York City

On Monday of this week the first National Arbitration and Peace Congress of America convened in New York City. The preceding Sunday, however, had been fitly celebrated by a great gathering at Carnegie Hall, at which the Oratorio Society of New York furnished noble music. The meeting was addressed by Bishop Potter, of New York, Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, and Monsignor Lavelle, who represented Archbishop Farley. On Monday Mr. Andrew Carnegie, President of the Congress, presided at the opening conference, which was addressed by Mr. Root, Secretary of State, Governor Hughes, of New York State, and Mayor McClellan, of New York City. A letter from President Roosevelt to the delegates was also read. In the evening another great meeting was addressed by Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, President of the International Society of Conciliation, a French Senator, and a member of the Hague Court; Mr. Ernst Richard, President of the German-American Peace Society; Mr. Straus, Secretary of Commerce; Professor Münsterberg, representing Germany; Sir Robert Cranston, ex-Lord Mayor of Edinburgh, and Sir Robert Ball, of Cambridge University, representing Great Britain, and others. The most gratifying feature of the Conference so far has been the striking public interest shown. Such associations as the American Federation of Labor, the National Association of Manufacturers, the new Board of Trade and Transportation, the Brotherhoods of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, the United Mine Workers of America, and other important bodies representing labor and capital, immediately announced their intention of taking part in the deliberations. The popular demand for seats at the meetings has been so great that a second series of conferences has had to be arranged. It is fortunate that a great supply of speakers has been provided for these meetings and for the banquets which are to follow. In addition to the above, addresses are expected from Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada; the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington; President Eliot, of Harvard University; President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor; the Hon. Seth Low, member of the first Hague Conference; Dr. John Rhys, of Oxford, and Vice-Chancellor Roberts, of Cambridge University; ex-Secretary of State Foster; Dr. Edward Everett Hale and Dr. Lyman Abbott; Mr. W. T. Stead, of the English Review of Reviews; J. M. W. van der Poorten Schwartz, the Dutch novelist, better known by his pseudonym Maarten Maartens; Sir Edward Elgar, the eminent composer; Mr. Moberly Bell, Manager of the London Times; Señor Diego Mendoza, of the University of Colombia; the Hon. W. J. Bryan, the Hon. Richard Bartholdt, and others. Meanwhile two or three times as many people as were expected have shown their interest in the peace movement by their presence.

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The Carnegie Institute

If the country were not so familiar with educational events of the first magnitude, the dedication of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg last week would have arrested attention as a fact of immense significance in current history. That it was such a fact no one who knows its scope, the need of education in this country, and the possible fruitfulness of the higher training will question. The Institute, which is not to be confused with the Carnegie Institution or the Carnegie Foundation, is planned on a great scale. Mr. Carnegie has already

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endowed it by gifts aggregating twenty-three millions of dollars. The group of buildings dedicated to literature, art, and science have as a background Schenley Park. The enlarged Institute, dedicated last week, contains a library, art galleries, museum, music hall, hall of sculpture, exhibition rooms, a lecture hall, and offices and executive rooms. The building is of marble, and the architectural and artistic effects are striking and expressive of their relation to the uses of the building. Guests from England, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and the United States included a large number of men distinguished in every profession and walk of life, and were so numerous as to constitute an audience in themselves. The exercises covered three days, the formal dedication taking place on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 10. The procession of guests, many of them in academic dress, passed from the Hotel Schenley through a double line of students which extended along the whole length of the parade. A letter from President Roosevelt, expressing his appreciation of the great work done by the founding of the Institute as tending to high individual efficiency, was read and was followed by a speech from Mr. Carnegie recalling the fact that eleven years ago he had handed over the Institute to Pittsburg as a bold experiment—a combination of library, art gallery, museum, and hall of music. The history of the establishment of the library system and of the development of the Institute was outlined, and the speaker declared that fortune came to him in Pittsburg, and that he had labored for Pittsburg; the Institute was built by a Pittsburger for Pittsburgers with Pittsburg money. The Institute is not only to promote art and literature, but will furnish a complete industrial education in its most modern form, both scientific and technical. There are to-day in the Institute nearly sixteen hundred students, and several thousand are awaiting admission. Mr. Carnegie said further:

> There is room for many things of the spirit in our city. Things material are abundant, our mills and factories numerous, large, and prosperous; but things material, including money itself, should be only the foundation upon which are reared things spiritual. Our mines of coal and iron have not completed their mission when transmuted into articles for use, and these into dollars. All is still upon the material plane. Not till the dollars are transmuted into service for others in one of the many forms best calculated to appeal to and develop those higher things of the moral, intellectual, and æsthetic domain has wealth completely justified its existence. Dollars are only dross until spiritualized, a means to an end; and miserable is the man, mean and squalid his life, who knows no better than to deaden his soul by mere possession, counting over the hoard which holds him down, or using his faculties in old age in augmenting the useless stuff that ministers not to any taste worthy of man.

Mr. Carnegie made special reference to the interest shown in the Institute by the German Emperor, who was represented by General von Löwenfeld, Secretary of State Möller, and other eminent men, and recognized the indebtedness of America to Germany as a teacher of the nations in industrial education. He spoke especially also of the congratulations sent by France and of the unpayable debt of America to that country. This great foundation, so comprehensive in its scope and novel in its combination of functions, is situated at a strategic point in one of the most active and powerful industrial communities in America.

❀

Reconnoitering in Ohio

Senator Foraker's speech in Canton, Ohio, last week, was the first shot fired in what is at present the most interesting preliminary skirmish of the Presidential campaign. This contest is of Senator Foraker's own choosing. He it was who suggested that a popular vote be taken to determine what men the Republicans of Ohio prefer for the Senatorship and the Presidency. The friends of Secretary Taft in Ohio accepted the challenge, and now the issue lies between them, on the one hand, and the Republican State machine, led by Senators Foraker and Dick, on the other. In the popular mind this has been interpreted as a struggle between Roosevelt Republicanism and machine politics. Of course, in view of the great popularity of the President in Ohio, as elsewhere, Senator Foraker has undertaken to avoid being put into the posi-

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tion of antagonizing Mr. Roosevelt. His first attack, therefore, had almost necessarily to assume the character of a defense. He first condemned the effort of a President to determine his successor. He quoted a published report which he interpreted as an assertion that Mr. Roosevelt was going to set limits to the discussion of Presidential candidates, and added: "I feel it a duty toward the President himself to enter for him, on my own motion, a disclaimer of all responsibility for such a publication." He, moreover, denied for himself participation in a rumored combination with financiers to oppose the President. Indeed, he declared that he had supported the President in all of the measures with which the President was identified, "except only three." These were joint Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico, railway rate regulation, and the Brownsville affair. Senator Foraker defended his course on all three subjects. He asserted his liberty, indeed his duty, to use, in his capacity as Senator, his own judgment, and his determination not to submit to the dictation or threats of any boss. As he brought his speech to a close he made this statement of political belief:

> We can be proud, also, of the honor and integrity of the business men of this country. What they most need to-day is not so much an increased surveillance and guardianship of law as that liberty of action and trust and confidence in protection under the law which they have always heretofore enjoyed.

The protection of law-abiding corporations and the punishment of offending corporations, in which Mr. Foraker stated his faith, no one would oppose. What has given Mr. Roosevelt his leadership, however, has been his ability to express the determination of Americans that the Government shall be more than a big policeman; that it shall rather be the agent of the people in controlling every power which, created for the public interest, is in danger of sacrificing the public interest for private purposes. To withstand this determination is not merely to oppose the chief policy of the President; it is to dispute the popular will. Whether the popular will is misdirected is another matter. Senator Foraker has, by his speech, put himself among those who attempt to frustrate, or to correct, this tendency in the Nation.

❀

The Rhode Island Senatorial Deadlock

The Legislature of Rhode Island has not yet ended the Senatorial deadlock which began thirteen weeks ago. In this political struggle is involved the longer civic contest which has for years been waged in the State between democracy and a form of oligarchy. As is well known, membership in the Rhode Island Legislature is so apportioned that the small country towns, isolated and apathetic, hold the power. These little towns, strongholds of the native New England stock, are in the hands of the machine. At the head of the machine is the "blind boss," General Brayton. In the Senatorial contest the champion of those who would smash this machine is Colonel R. H. I. Goddard. Though a lifelong Republican, he has accepted the Democratic nomination. He has behind him, therefore, the Democratic party and such Republicans as are independent enough to withstand party pressure. The other two candidates are both avowedly Republicans. One, Mr. Wetmore, is a candidate to succeed himself. As Senator, he has left National affairs to his colleague, Mr. Aldrich. His kindly disposition has won him many friends; but he has done nothing to end the scandalous conditions maintained by the State's system of rotten boroughs. Colonel S. P. Colt, the other Republican candidate, who is head of the Rubber Trust, has no qualification for the office. The only explanation for his candidacy is his great wealth. In brief, Senator Wetmore represents the older interests of the State who distrust manhood suffrage; Colonel Colt represents the newer industrial life of the State and its moneyed interests. Together these two represent the forces working for the maintenance of present political conditions. Colonel Goddard, on the other hand, represents the forces of revolt, which means, in this case, that he represents not private but public interests. He comes from one of the oldest of New England families, he is irreproachable in character, is both

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respected and popular, and is a man of ability and experience. The situation is not only a comment upon the political enslavement of Rhode Island, but is also a severe criticism upon the method of leaving to the Legislature the election of Senators. The outcome, it has been remarked, "only one man can foresee, and he is blind."

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Merit Triumphs in the Consular Service

The first regular examination of candidates for consular appointments under the new system has just been held at Washington. By the law of April, 1906, Congress had finally graded the consular positions, and thereby made it practicable to extend to that branch of the civil service the principles embodied in the Civil Service Act of 1883. Thereupon the President, by executive order, declared that vacancies in the office of consul above the lowest class should be filled by promotion from the lower grades of the consular service, based upon ability and efficiency as shown in that service; and that vacancies in the lowest class of consuls should be filled (1) by promotion of vice and deputy consuls, or of consular clerks or agents who had been appointed to those offices *upon examination*, or (2) by appointments of candidates *who had passed a satisfactory examination*. The three examiners are the Secretary of State, or an officer of the Department of State designated by the President, the Chief of the Consular Bureau, and the Chief Examiner of the Civil Service Commission. The examinations just held were both oral and written. The object of the oral examination was to determine the character, disposition, address, manners, health, personal appearance, readiness, judgment, discretion, resourcefulness, accuracy of information, experience, and business capacity of the candidates. The written examination included one modern language other than English; the natural, industrial, and commercial resources and the commerce of the United States; political economy; the elements of international, commercial, and maritime law; American history, government, and institutions; the modern history of Europe, Latin America, and the Far East; geography and arithmetic. As an indication of the examination papers we quote the questions on political economy:

1. Define political economy. Name three great works on this subject.
2. Of what advantage to a consul is a knowledge of the principles of political economy?
3. State some of the principal reasons for taking at stated times a census of population and industries, especially with reference to manufactures and agriculture.
4. State some of the advantages of foreign exchange in canceling indebtedness between merchants of different countries. Why is exchange on London or New York preferable to exchange on smaller cities?
5. What are the principal reasons for the development of trade between different countries?

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The First Examination Under the Reform Law

Of course, future examination papers will be different in detail, and will not be published as these have been. The first papers are now made public in order to give the country an idea of the new system. Eighteen candidates were examined on the above subjects, and ten passed. The examinations were conducted by the civil service machinery. The change from the old spoils system will thus be realized. Under that system substantially all the consulates were held by persons named by the Senators, under the pressure of personal and political friendship. Unfortunately, the greatest pressure was often in favor of the most unfit candidate. It was supposed that there would be a great outburst of indignation from the spoilsmen concerning the change. On the contrary, it is gratifying to see how generally it has been accepted by some of the very men who formerly practically appointed the consuls. It would almost seem as if Senators and Representatives have become tired of the old plan, and feel a sense of relief at getting away from it, so long as every one is treated alike. By selecting from the competent young men, now to be obtained for the minor consulates, those who do the best work, and promoting them, an evenly competent body of consuls should result. The country needs more fully to comprehend this

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reform. When it does, three results should follow. First, the right kinds of candidates should be forthcoming. Secondly, they should be enabled to make proper preparation. Finally, before the end of the present Administration the new system should be so thoroughly established in popular regard that no succeeding Administration would dare to overturn it.

❀

Railway Derailments Due to Malicious Obstruction

In a statement of railway accidents made by the Inter-State Commerce Commission covering two years, derailments reported as due to malicious obstruction vary from 11 to 26 every three months, and the number of persons killed from 1 to 23. Last week two more attempts were made to wreck railway trains on the Pennsylvania system. In one case a fast train was flagged just in time by a farmer who had found a tie fastened to the track near a high bluff. In the other instance a switch was turned in the face of a fast freight. These events make more ominous the list of similar occurrences during the past eight weeks:

1. Flyer wrecked by withdrawal of fish-plates and bolts.
2. Eighteen-hour limited wrecked by same method near Steward. Nearly all the passengers were injured. Because of their all-steel construction the cars were not smashed.
3. Keystone Express wrecked near Wilmerding, the wreckers using the same methods; an engineer was killed and a number of passengers were hurt.
4. Attempt made on the Chicago Limited between Wilmerding and Turtle Creek.
5. Obstruction placed on freight track. Discovered after freight train had been derailed.
6. Pittsburg-Cleveland Express wrecked near Hudson, Ohio, by removal of fish-plates and spikes.
7. Obstruction piled on track at East Brady.

In every "successful" wreck the cars had hardly stopped rolling before robbers began their pillage. The company has offered an open reward of several thousand dollars for information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty; a large secret reward to the employees is also said to have been provided. In every case in which fish-plates and bolts have been removed the wreckers have avoided disturbing the electrical connections between the rails, which of course, by setting the block signals at danger, would prevent the success of their fiendish endeavor—the most despicable form of murder, because, first, of its cowardice, second, of its incompatibility with any theory of pity, and, third, its wholesale threatening of life. In every way the Pennsylvania Company and the State of Pennsylvania should wage relentless war against this particular peril. It may be that the company may be forced to do as an English railway does, fence in its right of way, and treat every unauthorized person on any part of it as a trespasser. The Pennsylvania, running through a thickly populated country, could do what would be impossible in the case of one of the Western roads. But the duty of the State of Pennsylvania is no less clear. While by its law a successful attempt to wreck is murder, the attempt itself should be punishable far more severely than it now is, and the means of apprehending criminals should be made more effective. Yet at this very time an attempt is made to abolish the Pennsylvania State constabulary! Instead of abolishing it the State might well increase it both in numbers and in power.

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The Water Storage Grab in New York State

The annual meeting last week of the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks called the attention of the citizens of New York State once more to the subject of its forest preserve. At the rate at which timber is being now removed from the State, without replanting, there will be none left in less than thirty years except what is protected by the Constitution in the forest preserve. Hence there should be encouragement of legislation to enlarge the State's holdings, and defeat of the bill now before the Legislature empowering the State to erect dams and store water on the public domain. The bill passed one Legislature because allowed no public hearing. As it involves a Constitutional amendment, however, it must pass a succeeding Legislature, the present

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body, and be submitted to the people at an ensuing election. Four benefits, it is claimed, would result from the amendment: (1) It would give to many cities and towns a clean and ample water supply throughout the year; (2) it would permit the enlargement of the State canal system; (3) it would check freshets; (4) it would bring into use millions of dollars' worth of water-power now going to waste. But these general benefits to the State could be obtained without touching the State domain, which, according to the Constitution, must "be forever kept as wild forest lands." Hence no Constitutional amendment is required. Power companies have attempted to mask their real aim by covering it with a general plan to purify and enlarge the facilities of the State water supply. The overwhelming sentiment of the State, we believe, opposes those who would acquire vested rights in the State's water-power, destroying, for the purposes of health, pleasure, and sport, practically every Adirondack lake. Medical testimony shows that the damming of water and its gradual drawing off during the dry season, creating mud flats, promotes disease. This has been shown in the history of the lakes so treated outside the State preserve. Moreover, the State may one day require the use of its Adirondack water, centralized in a few great reservoirs, for the domestic supply of its cities. The lakes of the watershed, an inestimable asset, belong to all the people. Why destroy them merely to gratify the financial ambition of the few?

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Conserving Our Waterways as Natural Resources

A humorist once said of the crooked Mississippi River that a steamer going south has been known to meet itself coming north, giving passing signals and narrowly escaping a collision with itself. In addition to this difficulty of navigation, the Mississippi has been notoriously and increasingly afflicted with sandbars during the low-water seasons. This is especially noticeable near its mouth; at present shipments to New Orleans by river must be transferred at Memphis and again at Vicksburg. But the Mississippi has always been thus impeded. Half a century ago it was claimed that it swept into its lower reaches and the Gulf of Mexico four hundred million tons of sediment a year—twice the amount of material expected to be excavated in opening the Panama Canal. This sediment not only clogs the channel and floods the lowlands, but renders the current capricious. The two obstacles of crookedness and sandbars, together with railway competition, sufficiently account for the decline in Mississippi River steamboating. The last line of steamers operating a through service between St. Louis and New Orleans went out of business nine years ago. These several difficulties with river traffic caused Mr. James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, in a recent communication, to suggest the canalization of the Mississippi as the easiest and most obvious way of relief, first, from the natural obstacles, secondly, from the railway competition, and finally and especially from the transportation congestion from which, more than any other section, the Mississippi Valley region has been suffering. Canalization would reduce the present distance by water from St. Louis to New Orleans nearly one-half. A fifteen-foot channel from St. Louis to New Orleans might cost a hundred millions, but the necessity and importance of such a work are nevertheless to be carefully considered. Of all railway presidents Mr. Hill seems the most far-reaching in vision and fertile in resource. His testimony as to the need of a Mississippi canal was the more striking because it came from one interested in railways, in this country the apparently triumphant rivals of canals. The truth is that we need both. America must now follow the example of France, Germany, and Italy in the construction of inland waterways. Appropriately, in this connection, comes the official announcement from Washington of President Roosevelt's appointment of a Waterways Commission. Its members are to be the Hon. Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, Chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee in the House of Representatives, who is to act as Chairman of the Commission; Senators Newlands, of Nevada, and Warner, of Missouri;

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Representative Bankhead, of Alabama; General Alexander Mackenzie, Chief of Engineers of the United States Army; Dr. W. J. McGee, the eminent geologist and anthropologist; and Messrs. F. H. Newell, Director of the United States Reclamation Service, Gifford Pinchot, United States Forester, and Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations. The Commission's duty will be to report a comprehensive plan for the improvement of our river systems. We do not always remember that the control of navigable waterways lies with the Federal Government and carries with it corresponding responsibilities and obligations. In emphasizing this fact President Roosevelt justly declares that our streams should be considered and conserved as great natural resources, and that the time has come for merging local projects and uses of the inland waters in a comprehensive plan to benefit the entire country. This has a particular and pressing application. As already emphasized by Mr. Hill, so President Roosevelt calls attention to the fact that our railways "are no longer able to move crops and manufactures rapidly enough to secure the prompt transaction of the business of the Nation, and there is small prospect of immediate relief." According to representative railway men, the products of the Northern interior States have doubled in ten years. But railway facilities have increased only an eighth. There is reason to doubt, says President Roosevelt, whether any railway development possible in the near future will suffice to keep transportation abreast of production. As he concludes, there appears, indeed, to be but one complete remedy—the development of a complementary system of transportation by water. If this attitude had been adopted twenty years ago, there might have been no congestion of freight to-day.

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An Important Constitutional Question

Judge Speer, of the Circuit Court of the United States (Georgia), has rendered an interesting decision sustaining the constitutionality of the Federal law rendering common carriers engaged in inter-State commerce liable to their employees for damages. The English common-law rule that an employer is not liable for an injury suffered by one employee through the carelessness of another is thus set aside. The injustice of this common-law rule under modern conditions Judge Speer puts with great clearness and force. He shows that it has either been modified or set aside in England, Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, Holland, and other European countries. Founded upon reason when it was established, it has become unreasonable now. The engineer on the lightning express must blindly obey the orders given to him. Through the negligence of a fellow-servant over whose actions he has no control and of whose misconduct he has no knowledge, he may be in an instant hurled to death or mutilation indescribable. That the corporation should be exempt from damages because of his fellow-servant's misconduct or negligence is clearly unjust. But is it constitutional for the Federal Government to rectify this injustice? Judge Speer seems to us to show that a long course of judicial decisions establishes the constitutionality of such action. Commerce is not merely an exchange of goods; "in the advancement of society, labor, transportation, intelligence, care, and various mediums of exchange become commodities, and enter into commerce; the subject, the vehicle, the agent, and the various operations become the objects of commercial regulation." Such is the definition of commerce by the Supreme Court of the United States. The regulation of commerce, which is intrusted by the Constitution to the Federal Government, includes therefore the protection of passengers as well as of goods; the regulation of the instrumentalities by which the commerce is carried on, and therefore the regulation and the protection of the employees as well as of the passengers and the freight. It is under this recognized principle that Congress regulates the lights to be carried by all vessels in inland waters, whether engaged in commerce or not; that it establishes qualifications and conditions for masters, engineers, and pilots of vessels; that it has required safety appliances on all trains

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engaged in inter-State commerce, a requirement declared constitutional by the Supreme Court. We have no doubt that a certain class of writers will consider the action of Congress in prescribing the hours of labor and regulating the conditions of employment upon inter-State railways an unconstitutional extension of the Constitution into a new domain. We think that Judge Speer's opinion makes it clear that it is only the extension of a well-recognized principle over new conditions.

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Japanese Rights in Public Schools

The Outlook has expressed some doubt whether Congress can by treaty confer on Japanese residents the right to attend the public schools established and maintained in the several States. Professor William Draper Lewis, Dean of the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, in an article published in the American Law Register for February, and reprinted in pamphlet form, has discussed this question in very judicial spirit, and, as we must frankly say, removed the doubts that we entertained on this subject. The legislative power of Congress is specifically defined by the Constitution, and all powers not conferred on Congress are reserved to the several States; but the treaty-making powers are not specifically defined. Consequently "the treaty-making power of our Federal Government is not confined within the limits of the legislative power of that Government. That can be done by treaty which cannot be done by act of Congress." It is true that this treaty-making power is not absolutely unlimited. Limitation may be found in the expressed phraseology and perhaps in the necessary implications of the Constitution. Professor Lewis quotes the words of Judge Story: "A treaty to change the organization of the government or annihilate its sovereignty, to overturn its republican form or to deprive it of its constitutional powers, would be void, because it would destroy what it was designed to fulfill, the will of the people." But, subject to such limitations as are by expressed terms or by necessary implications in the Constitution put upon the treaty-making power reposed in the President and the Senate, they may make any treaty which it is competent for the sovereign power of any free people to make. A treaty providing that the children of a particular race shall be privileged to attend such public schools as exist in the State does not violate any expressed terms or any necessary implications of the Constitution, and it is therefore a legitimate treaty and of supreme authority in all the States. The opposition of any State to such a treaty must be made through its Senators when the treaty is before the Senate for confirmation, and as no treaty can be confirmed without the assent of two-thirds of the members of the Senate present, the rights of the States are sufficiently protected. Whether in point of fact the treaty which we have made with Japan entitles the Japanese to claim an admission to the public schools of California is another and more doubtful question; that it entitles them to claim the right to attend the same schools as white children we do not ourselves believe.

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In the South: Child Labor and Compulsory Education

Although the recent sessions of Southern Legislatures have produced no very radical laws, unless the railway rate laws of North Carolina and Alabama should be classed as such, several of the Southern States have made a record of progressive legislation. Child labor, which is an especially acute problem in the cotton-mill regions, has been the subject of considerable discussion and of some acts. Of these the North Carolina law is the most important. In that State the manufacturers have shown a spirit deserving of praise; voluntarily they have promoted the passage of restrictive provisions. Heretofore no children under twelve could be employed, but children over that age were not especially protected. After 1907 no child under fourteen years of age can be employed in the mills on any day after eight o'clock P.M., and no child under thirteen can be employed night or day except in "apprenticeship capacity," then only upon condition that the child has attended school for four out of the pre-

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ceding twelve months. An amendment shortening the hours of labor from sixty-six to sixty hours a week lacked only three votes of passage. In South Carolina and Alabama child labor bills were postponed until the second term of the Legislatures; in Arkansas and Tennessee amendments to the child labor law have been strongly advocated. It is evident that the cause of child labor legislation in the Southern States has been stimulated rather than hindered by the agitation for a National child labor law. As Mr. J. W. Bailey, of the North Carolina Child Labor Committee, has said in a letter to the press, which we find in the Biblical Recorder of that State, "there can be no satisfactory settlement of the child labor question apart from compulsory education." This fact has for some time been urged by manufacturers themselves. In North Carolina, for instance, where the organization of manufacturers worked in harmony with the Child Labor Committee, they advocated the passage of the compulsory education bill introduced at the instance of the State Superintendent. Through excessive caution the North Carolina Legislature failed to pass the bill in its original form, but it did pass a measure which allowed each school district the right to vote for compulsory school laws. In a State where the raising of taxes for school purposes has been made an object of an almost religious crusade, this application of the local option principle to the subject of compulsory education has better chance of success than it would have in a State where the local support of schools has become more traditional and perfunctory. In South Carolina, where the sentiment with regard to compulsory education has seemed sometimes almost hopelessly conservative, a compulsory education bill failed of passage by but a single vote. In Texas the subject of compulsory education has been earnestly agitated in the Legislature.

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In the South: Other Reform Measures

Southern Legislatures have also done much to foster the general movement of educational advance that has been notable of recent years in the South. In particular, North Carolina has been generous in its appropriations for educational institutions. The advance made may be suggested by contrasting the $25,000 appropriated in 1895 for the maintenance of the State University with the $70,000 appropriated for the same purpose this year. The General Assembly, as the Legislature is called in that State, has provided a new basis for secondary education by appropriating money to aid in the establishment of county high schools in co-operation with the counties themselves. The same body has initiated a reformatory system by chartering a reform and training school to which youthful criminals will be sent. Tennessee has also established a reformatory. In dealing with great corporations and with financial transactions there has been some drastic legislation. Concerning the railway bills we have already had occasion to speak. South Carolina and Alabama have now followed the lead of North Carolina and Georgia in abolishing the bucket-shops and prohibiting dealing in cotton futures, which has been a great source of demoralization. In labor matters there have been at least two effective measures. One, in South Carolina, establishes a ten-hour day for cotton and woolen mills; the reform was initiated by the manufacturers themselves, but was to be gradually introduced and not be finally effective until 1910; this the Legislature has put into effect for 1907. The other, in Alabama, in the form of an amendment to a bill appointing a jail inspector, provides for factory inspection. This amendment, it is interesting to note, was made by the Governor in accordance with the State Constitution, which gives to the Governor the right of suggesting amendments as an alternative to vetoing bills. In liquor legislation there has also been some very definite progress. In addition to the abolition of the State dispensary in South Carolina and a substitution of county option between no sale of liquor and sale by local dispensaries, Alabama has passed a local option law for counties and Tennessee has extended the local option provision to cities beyond five thousand population. As a result of the new measure

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in Tennessee, Knoxville, Clarksville, and Jackson have voted for no license.

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Plans for the Cuban Elections

In a statement addressed to Governor Magoon, of Cuba, last week, Secretary Taft expressed the decision of the Administration in regard to future Cuban elections. This decision was reached after consultations with leaders of the Liberal and Moderate parties. No elections can take place until after a census is taken. This is not merely his judgment, but that of an advisory committee composed of four Moderates, four Liberals, and three Americans. All the parties unite, he adds, in recommending that preliminary elections be held to test the electoral law and the tranquillity of the country. Beyond these two general recommendations, Secretary Taft's conclusions coincide with the proposals of neither party as a whole, but in part with those of each. With the omission of details, the further points in the policy outlined by the Secretary of War are as follows: (1) That Cuba must be turned over to the Cuban Government as soon as the tranquillity of the country and the stability of the Government are assured; (2) that no definite date should be set for the preliminary elections, but that such time should intervene between the completion of the census and the elections as to allow for compliance with the electoral law; (3) that the present local officials be continued in their *de facto* status until elections can be held, and that then both municipal and provincial elections be held as preliminary elections; (4) that within six months thereafter the national election should be held; (5) that, in accordance with the Cuban Constitution, one hundred days should elapse between the national election and the establishment of the new Government; (6) that this plan be made contingent upon the continuance of tranquillity through two elections; (7) that the plan, which has in substance the approval of President Roosevelt, be made public. Secretary Taft's statement contains nothing that is new in principle. It simply announces the method by which shall be carried out the purpose of the United States expressed in Mr. Taft's proclamation establishing the Provisional Government. In that document he said, "The Provisional Government . . . will be maintained only long enough to restore order and peace and public confidence and then to hold such elections as may be necessary to determine those persons upon whom the permanent government of the Republic should be devolved." It emphasizes the determination of the United States to leave the Cubans again to themselves, but to do so only after order is restored.

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Lord Cromer's Resignation

Among the imperial governors of the British Empire none stands in higher repute than the Earl of Cromer. His resignation of the office of what is practically the British Governor-Generalship in Egypt last week is therefore an event of historic moment, not only to England, but also to nations with similar problems beyond sea. Lord Cromer's has long since been an example adopted as a standard by colonial governors of other nations. Two generations ago Egypt became practically independent of the Turkish Sultan. The land attracted foreign investments. Already there existed a system of "Capitulations" by which the more civilized nations were allowed to establish their consular courts and to exercise quasi-financial control. In 1877 the finances of Egypt necessitated a formal international inquiry. Captain Evelyn Baring, who had seen twenty-four years of English military and diplomatic service, was appointed a member of the International Commission of Inquiry. The following year he—then Major Baring—and M. de Blignières were made Comptrollers of Egypt. For four years thereafter Major Baring was Finance Minister in India. The period marked the effort of an oppressed people to throw off the yoke of a tyrannical and spendthrift Khedive, the rebellion of an unpaid army, and the English occupation. When Major Baring, now become Sir Evelyn Baring, returned as Agent—the office of chief British authority in Egypt—the Khedive's authority was gone and the country was in chaos. The new Agent

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left the nominal authority to the Khedive and his ministers, but appointed an assistant to each minister—an assistant who practically ruled the country under the Agent's direction. The new Agent reversed the age-long policy of privilege. This meant, first of all, justice at last to the hitherto practically enslaved fellahîn. Sir Evelyn abolished forced labor; he developed irrigation; he mitigated taxation. The result was that the fellahîn are now in the eyes of the law equal with the pashas themselves; that the establishment of vast works of water storage and irrigation in Egypt and the Sudan has doubled the opportunities of labor; finally, that the poorest Egyptian is now greatly benefited as a result of mitigation of taxation, for Sir Evelyn, now Lord Cromer, has never countenanced the establishment of tempting public works if with the same money he could lessen the burdens of taxation. He has ruggedly withstood popular acclaim at home in preferring the claims of the Egyptian taxpayer. In other words, the basis of Lord Cromer's policy has been sympathy with the Egyptian. He has looked at each question as much as possible from the Egyptian point of view, and he has been so obstinate in this as to call forth the criticism from a few jingo critics at home that "too much in Egypt is now subordinated to mere native prejudice." But, as one who knows him well says of him, he never forgot that he is in Egypt on behalf of the people of Egypt, that it is their revenues, their property, of which he was disposing. Even his annual reports have been largely addressed to the natives. A man who has had such insight into native character, who has had "the infinite capacity for taking pains," whose frankness equaled his courage, and whose patience equaled both, has made an ideal proconsul.

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Russian Finances

At the opening session of the Russian Duma the Finance Minister boldly stated that, although the war with Japan had cost $1,300,000,000, yet the past year's income had exceeded the expenses by some $15,000,000. The deputies, independent of party, shrugged their shoulders and were silent. They felt that impartial accounting might produce different figures. It is this conviction that has made Messrs. Aladin and Tschkaikovsky appeal to Americans not to give the Russian Government any financial aid; for loans made to the present Government in the face of the Duma's protests would inevitably be repudiated by the Duma did it ever overthrow the existing autocracy. The deputies of the Duma, if they are to establish a genuine representative government, must have control of the purse. This has been recognized by so eminent an authority as Count Witte. In October, 1905, before the issuance of the Emperor's manifesto, Count Witte was unable to negotiate a loan even in friendly France, for the good reason that the Russian people were in practical revolution. With the issuance of the Czar's manifesto, however, and the summoning of the Duma, enthusiasm among Russia's well-wishers throughout the world, and confidence in the financial power to be given to the Duma, were such that the clever Premier was able to borrow from Paris and London no less than $440,000,000. If, now, it is seen that the deputies are not to have complete power of the purse, it will be practically impossible for Russia to obtain a new loan, and this country would be about the last to which the Government would turn. Some years ago, in a time of great affluence, when Americans were subscribing freely for the Government bonds of various nations, and even for the loans of European cities, the Russian Government placed many million dollars' worth of bonds at our disposal. Of this, a small proportion was purchased by American life insurance companies, which, of course, had their own interests in Russia. But the New York Stock Exchange, it is said, has not registered a transaction in those bonds from that day to this, despite the silver vase which the Emperor sent to the listing committee as a token of his regard. The general gloomy outlook for financial help is perhaps the strongest possible argument to induce the Emperor and his advisers to grant to the deputies financial powers which are justly theirs. This was

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evident in the debate last week on the budget. The Finance Minister was studiously moderate in his plea for a new loan. He attributed Russia's financial difficulties to three causes—the costly war, the costlier revolution, and the great famine. He even declared that without consent of Parliament it would be impossible to increase the revenue by new taxes. Thus credit operations were necessitated. Far from agreeing to new taxation, ex-Minister Kuttler, one of the leaders of the Constitutional Democrats, assailed the present taxation system, direct and indirect. Though only eleven per cent. of the revenue is derived from direct taxes, he said, these taxes fall chiefly on the poor, two-thirds of the land tax being paid by the peasantry, while the city taxes are mainly paid by those who are not able to afford dwellings of their own, and live in rented houses and apartments. Furthermore, all of the indirect taxes bear with harshness on the poor. Nearly six hundred million dollars in revenue, he added, is derived from taxation of articles used almost exclusively by the poor, while less than two hundred million dollars is collected from articles of luxury. The speaker promised, nevertheless, on behalf of his party, that the Budget would be discussed on its merits, without any attempt needlessly to embarrass the Government. There is hope for any government when a spirit of reasonableness animates the leaders of opposing political factions. This, however, should only hasten the passing of complete control of the public purse from the autocracy to the democracy as represented by the people in their Parliament.

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Two Kinds of College Spirit

That college undergraduates have the privilege, which no other class of young men have, of disturbing the public peace at their own pleasure, is an obsolete tradition. Last week a number of Harvard students attempted to adhere to this tradition; as a consequence they found themselves next day in court, and were fined like the ordinary "muckers" whom they despise. Moreover, the Judge called them "nothing but boys." It is true the provocation was great. In the theater where the disturbance occurred a play was being performed which, as the Harvard Crimson says, presented "on the stage a composite picture of many of the worst features of American colleges, under the name of Harvard;" and, what is still more exasperating, represented the customs and manners of Harvard undergraduates as not only immoral, but actually vulgar! The offense was heightened by the fact that the leading actor was a Harvard man. If, however, the play misrepresented Harvard, the rowdyism of the objecting students misrepresented Harvard still more. This was demonstrated by the public apology read from the stage the next evening by the president of the senior class of Harvard. In the name of the presidents of the four undergraduate classes, he expressed to the actors and to the audience the regret of the "entire undergraduate body." It was an honorable proceeding, for which we do not believe there are many precedents. Unhappily, the play itself and the rowdies will do much to give a false impression of Harvard and of college life generally. The dignified apology will perhaps not be widely noted. It is, however, the brief speech of the senior class president that expresses, we believe, the normal spirit of American undergraduates in general, and Harvard undergraduates in particular.

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"The Messiah" on the Plains of Kansas

An interesting and significant musical event for a considerable district of the Middle West was the production, in Holy Week, of "The Messiah" at Lindsborg, Kansas. Lindsborg is a little town of two thousand inhabitants, in the Smoky Valley, not quite two hundred miles from Kansas City. It is a Swedish settlement, the seat of Bethany College—an institution with a thousand students. Twenty-five years ago the College authorities instituted the performance of Handel's most famous oratorio, which at once became an annual event, not only for the town, but for all the country around. This year fifteen special trains carried visitors to the five performances from

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Kansas City and from other towns within a radius of two hundred miles. About fifteen thousand persons were thus enabled to attend. The oratorio was given by a chorus of six hundred voices, supported by an orchestra of sixty pieces. Two of the soloists were from Chicago. All the others who took part were either students in the College or residents of Lindsborg. In one instance three generations of a family sang in the chorus. The Mayor is a member, and the Cashier of the State Bank is in the orchestra. Indeed, it was found impossible to give the performance in Kansas City, largely because that would have necessitated transporting a good share of the townspeople, including children whose parents sing in the chorus. The oratorio is produced in a plain wooden auditorium, accommodating an audience of about three thousand persons, who sit on rude wooden benches. The chorus does really remarkable work, singing with extraordinary vigor and precision. The effect of such choruses as "Hallelujah" and "Worthy is the Lamb," thus sung, is overwhelming. Another musical festival is given at Lindsborg in October, and still another in December. That such performances should find generous and enthusiastic support on the plains of Kansas is a striking and important phenomenon. For one thing, it is a reminder that, although a country may be new, its inhabitants may have the traditions and the arts of an old civilization.

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Arbor Day The dignity of Arbor Day has been enhanced by a circular issued from the Forest Service in the Department of Agriculture. The lesson of Arbor Day, it says, is the use and value of the tree in the life of the Nation. The diversion of setting out a few trees and the exercises by which school hours are enlivened should be regarded as a means to an end rather than the end itself—an intelligent and lasting impression in the mind of the child. While isolated trees along the country roadside or in the city streets please the eye and cool the air with refreshing shade, the true message of Arbor Day is found in the forest, where wood is grown to supply material for houses, fuel, and industries, where the tree-protected soil is storing the waters for streams, to be used for quenching thirst, irrigating land, driving mills, or filling rivers deep so as to bear traffic. The forest is thus the producer and custodian of the necessaries of life. The science of forestry is based on the idea that exact knowledge makes it possible to co-operate with nature in bringing the forest to its fullest usefulness as a source of wood, as a protection to the soil, or as a natural reservoir. Arbor Day should be the occasion of imparting to children some simple forest laws; the planting of a few trees, without reference to the forest's productive value and commercial utilities, is certainly but a small part of the day's work. The normal child always loves the forest. Its mystery fascinates. It is the home of wild life. As every child is a natural investigator, the forest is an object of prime curiosity. But on Arbor Day the child needs to begin the study of forestry economics. As practical object-lessons those suggested in the circular of the Forest Service are valuable. For instance, what child has not seen a muddy freshet?—a sight common at this time of the year. The stream is discolored by earth gathered from the soil, and rushes with force where there has been no forest cover. An experiment is suggested with fine and coarse soils stirred quickly into a tumbler of water and then allowed to settle, as explaining how a stream continues muddy while it runs swiftly and how it clears again as it slackens on more level stages, dropping the soil to the bottom. Again, flowers and seeds of trees are suggested as subjects of investigation. Many early-flowering trees mature their seeds before the school year ends. It is interesting to note the adaptations by which the trees secure seed distribution; as, for instance, by winds, stream-currents, birds, animals. Hence, the world of flower and seed conveys nature's purpose to renew the forest and carry it undepleted from one generation to another. Finally, the circular contains practical suggestions as to planting. If every school-teacher should follow out the ideas as outlined by the Forest Service, the whole Nation would be the gainer.

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Politics and Dust

The political field has been obscured during the last two weeks by a violent wind-storm and whirling clouds of dust set in motion from certain editorial offices. A kind of journalistic hysteria occasionally breaks out in this country, and for weeks at a time envelops editors and readers in a vast and elemental confusion, in which gigantic forms, shadowy but terrifying, appear and disappear. These sudden whirlwinds seem at the moment to have an almost cosmic significance and scope, but they subside as rapidly as they arise; and then it appears that the only territory ravaged was that in the immediate neighborhood of the gentlemen whose temperamental tendency to excitement, combined with quick inventiveness, has set them in motion. During the past two weeks the awful specter in the whirlwind has been the President of the United States—dimly seen, now in one part of the country and now in another, very like the old pictures of Boreas—setting destructive currents of air in motion and ravaging the continent. Faithful readers of the New York Evening Post and the New York Sun, to take the nearest examples, who have kept a clear mind during these agitating days, have read columns of picturesque reports from Washington and other columns of lurid editorials, and with pained surprise have discovered only now and then a very unimportant fact in the cloud of surmise, report, and speculation. This kind of journalistic amusement is entertaining for a time, but becomes wearisome if kept up too long, and there is a grave danger that the sport may be carried to unconscionable lengths. A Presidential election will not occur until a year from next November. Three months of whirlwind of speech and tempest of agitation are all the country can stand; the prospect of being ravaged by tempests for eighteen months is unendurable.

The Outlook urges its readers to preserve a quiet mind, a cool temper, and to observe carefully the phenomena of these storms, being confident that sane observation will entirely rob them of their terrors. It is well to call attention to three or four obvious facts which are to be obscured during the coming months:

The President of the United States must be judged by his own words and acts, not by the motives imputed to him by newspaper correspondents, nor by the rumors, surmises, and guesses printed in newspaper columns. One of the New York journals gravely printed on Thursday of last week the following despatch: "Washington, March 10, 1:30 A.M. It was impossible to arouse anybody at the White House at this hour." One would imagine that a great crisis was upon the Nation, and that lights were burning in anxious windows from the Atlantic to the Pacific awaiting news from Washington. As a matter of fact, nothing had happened except an outburst of journalistic hysteria in a few newspaper offices. Madness had seized a small group of editors, and had taken the curious but not unprecedented form of imputing madness to somebody else. This hallucination was fastened upon the President, who was supposed to be pacing the halls of the Presidential residence with stealthy or vociferous feet, declaiming against all opponents of his policies as traitors and convicts, and shrieking at the open windows that he was the victim of conspiracies. Meanwhile, mysterious lurid lights were to be observed in the back windows, and there was a rattle of chains in the basement. The only basis for this hallucination was the fact that the President had repeated a story which had reached him of a combination, backed by a large sum of money, to nominate as the next candidate for the Presidency a man opposed to his policies. Now, even the President is entitled to some consideration. The popular idea that he is a hired man at the call of all citizens to do their chores may have some basis in fact, but it does not describe all his functions. He is entitled to the right to be held responsible for his own opinions, words, and actions, and not for the opinions, words and actions of able and ingenious editors.

The President is also entitled to some interest in the things for which he cares, and to the common human desire that policies which he has inaugurated, and which he profoundly believes are neces-

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sary for the welfare of the country, should be continued under his successor. There is no reason why an American citizen who happens to live in the White House should be deaf, dumb, and blind. It would be highly improper for such a person to attempt to dictate the nomination of his successor; there is no evidence anywhere, outside certain editorial offices, that President Roosevelt has had any thought of doing this. He is a very frank man, and is in the habit of revealing his whole purpose. That he should desire a continuation of the great work he has undertaken is not only natural but wholesome for the country; that he should, if he chooses, express his preference for certain men who have his confidence is a matter entirely within his proper province; that he has attempted, by playing politics, by the use of appointments, or in any of the other ways familiar to politicians, to impose the man of his choice on the country, or on a convention, there is not the slightest evidence.

Nor, on the other hand, is the right of any American to criticise the President and oppose his policies to be questioned; nor is any man to be accused of treachery, bad faith, or lack of patriotism because he opposes these policies. Mr. Foraker has as much right to endeavor to hinder legislation looking to the regulation of railways as Mr. Roosevelt has to urge it. There is ample ground for honest difference of opinion on these great questions; and the interest of the country, which can be served only by their just and wise settlement, demands the utmost freedom of speech and the utmost fairness in reporting the positions and utterances of public men of all kinds. It is unjust and absurd to represent the President as cracking a whip over his party and driving it with set teeth to his own ends; and it is equally unwise and impertinent to denounce those who disagree with him on these vital points as being the servants of corrupt interests. The President and his critics are equally entitled to an open field and fair play, and the country will see that they get it.

The Presidential contest has opened prematurely. The present storms will subside, and peace will once more reign in aching and perturbed editorial breasts. The ogre whose form has loomed portentous through the storm will disappear, and the figure of Mr. Roosevelt—plain-spoken, ardent, impetuous, but brave and frank—will again be seen in normal perspective and proportions. The Outlook urges its readers to pay attention, not to what the newspapers say, but to what they prove—to recall Dr. Johnson's famous letter to MacPherson, the author of Ossianic poems.

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The Thaw Case

The most notorious and scandalous case in the recent history of American criminal law came to a lame and impotent conclusion last week, when the jury in the Thaw trial failed to agree upon a verdict. Seven of the jury are reported to have voted for Thaw's conviction, five for his acquittal. There was no dispute as to the facts during the trial, which for the sake of record may be briefly restated as follows:

Stanford White, one of the most gifted architects that this country has produced, a man of international reputation in his profession, unfortunately also a man who, like Benvenuto Cellini, chose certain of his associates from the dissipated and reckless classes of society, was shot to death last summer in a public theater by Harry K. Thaw. Thaw is a son of a very wealthy Pittsburg family, ill brought up, ill educated, with no profession and no business responsibilities, who has spent his life and the money supplied by his family in riotous living. He married a few years ago a young actress who has only the most trifling and mediocre standing in her profession, and who makes no pretense to the possession of a respectable character in accordance with the standards of the civilized world. Without apparent passion and without warning, Thaw approached White, and, in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, shot and killed him, alleging as the reason for his deed that White had outrageously wronged his (Thaw's) wife previous to his marriage to her. If this wrong was committed, no evidence was introduced by Thaw in the trial to show,

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nor has Thaw ever claimed, we believe, that he attempted by civil or criminal process to have Stanford White punished. It never has been denied, nor can it be denied, that the accused took the law into his own hands. Money was lavishly spent by the Thaw family to defend the indicted prisoner. A criminal lawyer of great newspaper reputation was brought on from California to conduct the case for the defense. By the introduction of expert testimony, voluminous statements, examinations and cross-examinations of witnesses who really had nothing to do with the case, by unseemly wrangles among a group of lawyers employed by the Thaw family, the case was dragged out over a period of nearly two months. There were only two grounds upon which an appeal was made to the jury to acquit the prisoner: first, that he was mentally irresponsible when he committed the deed; and, second, that he was mentally responsible but was acting a noble part in avenging outraged American womanhood.

The case was filled with bathos and mawkish sentimentality from beginning to end. Details of life and conduct of the degenerate actors in the tragedy were admitted in evidence and retailed to such an extent by sensational and reckless newspapers that the Federal Government seriously considered interfering with the passage of these papers through the mails. At the close of the trial some of the jury violated all precedents and the common and proper etiquette of the jury-room by giving to the press full details of the jury's disagreements and debates, which covered a period of nearly two days. One juror contributed to the New York Times, a newspaper which makes a somewhat pronounced profession of being a safeguard of decency in the community, a long serial article over his own name describing the deliberations of the jury. During the procedure of the trial Thaw, the indicted prisoner at the bar, was permitted by his counsel to give signed statements to the newspapers expressing his own opinion of the case, of his victim, of the prosecuting attorney, and even of the jury—statements which were prominently printed in many of the newspapers. And, finally, the New York Journal, with characteristic effrontery, announced in huge type printed with colored ink twenty-four hours before the jury had rendered its decision, that the verdict was ten for acquittal to two for conviction—a statement which proved to be contrary to the facts, and which, as the jury was locked up at the time, was a manifest falsehood.

This we believe to be a fair résumé of the history of the case. No intelligent American can think of it without chagrin. The only points of light which relieve the general darkness and misery of the story are found in the admirable charge of the presiding judge to the jury, the conscientious care with which the District Attorney performed his unwelcome task, and the resistance, by at least seven of the jury, of the appeal to vulgar sentimentality made by the chief counsel for the defense in behalf of the honor of a Tenderloin habitué who shoots down a man who he thinks has wronged him by wronging, three years before, the woman of questionable reputation who subsequently became his wife.

There will undoubtedly be a new trial, for it is clear to the mind of every intelligent layman that society must be protected against such individuals as Thaw by something more than a mere jury disagreement. There has been, during the last two or three years, a growing dissatisfaction among both lawyers and laymen with the procedure in criminal trials in this country. Readers of The Outlook will recall that the subject has been discussed at some length in our columns, notably in the articles by Judge Amidon, of North Dakota. The Thaw trial calls attention anew and in a very forceful way to the need of this reform. There should be a greater restriction of the kind and amount of evidence introduced, an enlargement of the powers of the presiding judge, and a much more thorough and severe regulation of newspaper comment and report during the progress of a capital case. If the Bar Association, as a result of the scandals of the Thaw trial, should take this question up and pursue it to some fruitful end, the trial may not have been entirely in vain.

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Foundations of Faith

Three recent books[1] indicate three different bases for our Christian faith: Mr. Campbell's "The New Theology," Sir Oliver Lodge's "The Experience of Faith," Adolf Harnack's "Christianity and History." The first is philosophical, the second scientific, the third historical. The first makes the foundation of Christian faith an *a priori* conception of the Infinite; the second, a study of human nature; the third, the historical development of Christianity. A comparison of these three books is interesting and instructive, because it suggests to the preacher three alternative methods for meeting the current skepticism.

Mr. Campbell bases faith on an assumption. "I start, then," he says, "with the assumption that the universe is God's thought about himself." And he defines God as "the all-controlling consciousness of the universe, as well as the infinite, unfathomable, and unknowable abyss of being beyond." How he knows that there is any such controlling consciousness, how he knows that the infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed is a conscious energy, that it is one not many, that it is supremely good or supremely intellectual, not sometimes good and sometimes evil, sometimes wise and sometimes unwise, he does not tell us. He assumes that infinite perfection is at the heart of the universe. On this assumption he builds his whole theological system. Out of it he constructs, or to it he attempts to square, his conceptions of man, evil, Jesus Christ, the atonement, and the like. The inherent, essential, and ineradicable defect in this method is that it proceeds from the unknown to the known. It assumes that which the skeptic wants to have established; it takes for granted as true that which the agnostic declares we cannot know to be true. It may help to unify the beliefs of the believer (though, in fact, we do not think that Mr. Campbell succeeds very well even in this endeavor), but it does little or nothing to establish belief in the mind of the unbeliever.

Sir Oliver Lodge starts with the study of man and of his ancestry. His first question is, What are you? And his answer, "I am a being alive and conscious upon this earth; a descendant of ancestors who rose by gradual processes from lower forms of animal life, and with struggle and suffering became men." With this as his starting-point, and with scientific evidence given for this account of man's ancestry, Sir Oliver Lodge proceeds to explain the development of conscience and of duty and service growing out of the conscience, the nature of sin as a violation of conscience, the reasons for believing that there are beings higher in the scale of existence than man, and so leads on to the evidence of an infinite spiritual power in the world working in man, through Christianity, for man's recovery from sin and improvement in virtue. This method has the advantage of beginning with the known and proceeding toward the unknown, of making clear the distinction between vital experience and intellectual speculation, of showing how far a better consciousness outside of ourselves—that is, God—enters into our experiences and modifies our lives. It has the disadvantage of beginning with man as he is—that is, with sinful man, with man who is confessedly abnormal. In other words, it enters upon the study of life through a study of diseased humanity.

Professor Harnack bases Christianity upon Jesus Christ. Christianity is a historical development of the race. It is by a study of that history that we are to know whether our Christian faith is true or not. It is, first of all, a spiritual and intellectual development. A study of this development makes it clear that it is due, primarily, to a great personality: "Without the strength and activity of an infinite personality, nothing great, nothing that would bring us further on our way, can be accomplished." Those who have taken part in this development have attributed their strength and inspiration to the Christ. This development

[1] The New Theology. By R. J. Campbell, M.A., Minister of the City Temple, London. The Macmillan Company.
The Substance of Faith Allied with Science: A Catechism for Parents and Teachers. By Sir Oliver Lodge, Principal of the University of Birmingham. Harper & Brothers.
Christianity and History. By Adolf Harnack. Translated with the Author's sanction by Thomas Bailey Saunders. The Macmillan Company.

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thus affords a historical demonstration of Christ's presence and power in the world's history, and "requires that the actual personality behind it should be honored as unique." This personality has been living and working in the world's history. It has not been a decaying influence, but a growing power; it has not been a sacred memory, but a real presence. The life of a risen Christ is revealed in the work which the living Christ and his followers have been accomplishing. Is it said that this faith in the living Christ rests upon the biography of Christ written in the Four Gospels, and that this biography has been rendered doubtful by historical criticism? The answer is that, while some details in that life have been made doubtful, the main events in the life, the essential lineaments in the personality, and the sense and spirit of his sayings, have been confirmed, not weakened, by historical criticism.

Professor Harnack's method of meeting modern skepticism, the method illustrated in the sermon of Dr. L. Mason Clarke mentioned in The Outlook of February 23, appears to us to be the method to be commended to the Christian ministry. It is far more effective than either the philosophical or the scientific method. There are comparatively few laymen who know what monistic idealism is, or would care about it if they did know; a theology built upon an abstract philosophy does not interest them. There are more men who know something of evolution, both as a biological and a sociological interpretation of life, but this is a matter of secondary interest to them. But there are no men who are not interested to know whether there is a power in the world which will help to overcome evil, to cure ignorance, to comfort in sorrow, to give strength to bear life's burdens, to disentangle the soul enmeshed in evil companions and evil habits, to take out the sting of remorse for the past, to inspire with aspirations of hope for the future—in a word, to redeem from sin. The answer to this question, which concerns every man, woman, and child in the minister's congregation, is to be found, not in monistic idealism, not in a doctrine of evolution, biological or sociological, but in the actual work of Jesus Christ and his disciples in the world's history. Christianity is its own best evidence.

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The Spectator

One nipping cold day last winter the Spectator found himself in the business center of a notable New England region. It was a typical focus of New England prosperity. Set in a broad upland bowl rimmed by lofty hills, the city had ample room to expand. Around it were other industrial communities; also lakes, streams, fields, and woodlands. Two main thoroughfares, generously wide, crossed each other in the center of the place. Except in the business section the streets were magnificently elm-arched. Hundreds of comfortable homes spoke of a well-to-do community and very considerable affluence. At the intersection of the two great streets, about an attractive park-like space, a fine civic center had developed. Here stood the city hall, several churches, a large modern hotel, handsome office buildings (happily without sky-scraping pretensions), a theater, and two other monumental edifices. One was a public library, given to his native town by an eminent man who had made a large fortune in the West. The second was a museum of art and natural history, given by another big-hearted citizen, whose equally notable fortune was derived from home industries. The two institutions were under one administration. In the hotels and other public places the trustees had posted placards extending hospitable invitations to visiting strangers. Throughout the city were many factories—paper-mills, woolen-mills, enormous electric works, and other industries. All these things showed themselves almost at a glance—or at least in several successive glances—from the trolley-cars, in traversing the town. But the steam railway lines burrowed through the place, and gave their passengers no idea of its character.

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While walking along the main business thoroughfare the Spectator noticed

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a large new building on a side street. It was of three stories, built of red brick, plain and conspicuously substantial, but with an attractive aspect in its fine finish that implied public uses with some sort of every-day utility. "Boys' Club" was the legend upon a large projecting sign studded with electric lights. "It can't be that a boys' club has a building like that all to itself," remarked the Spectator's companion. "More likely it is the Young Men's Christian Association." They stepped down the street to make certain. Sure enough, above the broad entrance was carved the same inscription, "Boys' Club." The illuminated sign was to attract boys from the street, as a candle draws moths. But here it was not to destruction.

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That evening the two friends visited the institution. It fairly hummed with young vitality. The interior was plain, neat, and durable, adapted to the requirements of very lively boys. A lot of "kids," all the way from eight years to twelve, were enjoying all sort of games of chance and skill in a large space on the right, and they were not at all silent about it! But in the well-stocked reading-room on the left there was quiet for the many youngsters there, all absorbed in storing their minds and feeding their fresh and plastic imaginations. Down in the basement there was boisterous commotion from a perfect bowling-alley and two large courts for basket-ball—one for big boys and the other for little. Here also was a pleasant sense of warm humidity. It came from the bath where the boys who had finished their bowling or ball-playing or their gymnastic exercise were luxuriating in hot showers, their nudity almost veiled by the misty vapor that filled the large room.

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Upstairs, again, in the wood-working department a beginning in "sloyd" led to the making of useful things that the boys were proud of taking home as their finished handicraft: good, strong chairs, tables, etc. In two drawing classes under competent teachers many boys were studying mechanical draughtsmanship, decorative design, and lettering for placards—every seat filled. In the music-room an orchestra class was practicing—a boy at the piano accompanying several boys with violins under direction of a teacher who played first violin. A good-sized room was used for various purposes, according to the evening in the week. One of the most appreciated gatherings here was on Saturday night, when boys would come to mend shoes for themselves and their families—a cobbler's shop as jolly as that of the old-time New England shoemaker. The third floor was chiefly devoted to a completely equipped gymnasium, with military drill at stated intervals. In an excellent audience-hall, with sloping floor and a good stage, entertainments and lectures were often given, and now and then there was a play by the boys. A feature of the institution was a savings bank, regularly operating under the laws of the State. The deposits already amounted to four hundred dollars. Very curiously, while the money was lent at three and one-half per cent., the depositors received four per cent. interest! This came from the circumstance that no interest was paid on deposits under fifty cents. The many deposits running all the way from three to forty-nine cents made possible the extra half-cent in the rate. A little weekly newspaper, sold to outsiders for two cents and to members for one, brought in some revenue.

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The Spectator and his friend were immensely interested in what the club's young superintendent told them. His heart and soul were in the work. He had come to the city a few years before to take charge of the institution. He had expected to find something more developed than the mere rudiments of an organization that awaited his guidance. He was obliged to start at the very beginning. The movement gradually grew. It chanced that its progress was quietly watched by the same public-spirited citizen who gave the museum of art and natural history to the community. This gentleman, having become convinced that the Boys' Club was doing a most useful work, erected this fine

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building for it, at a cost of forty thousand dollars.

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The Spectator learned that the membership of the club was twelve hundred—nearly all poor boys, drawn from the large working population of the city, a population including numerous foreign nationalities. These boys were attracted from the street—often from cheerless homes and questionable diversions—to pleasant surroundings, where, with all the free sociability of their kind, they found wholesome and entertaining occupation. It was instructive to note in the members the significant changes in expression that registered the growth of the soul. The small boys, of course, had lately come into the club. Common to these was the rather suspicious, distrustful look of the "street Arab"—the semi-savage look that stamps the untrained child as akin to the young of wild animals. It was a period in life potent for either unlimited badness or goodness, as the die might fall. It was the purpose here to load the dice with good intent. Then, under the steadily exerted social fascination of the place, the disciplined exercise, the organized sports, the good reading, the manual training, the physical exercise, the accomplishments, there was evident a wonderful growth of character, betokened in the intelligently informed features, the clear and manly eyes lit with aroused ambition and steady purpose. "Every boy in the drawing classes holds down his seat, for he knows that if he is absent two nights in succession it will go to another boy who is waiting for it," said the superintendent. Instances of boys who had gone directly from their studies in the club into good places that stood ready for them in the great electric works and other manufacturing establishments were becoming numerous. Hence there was a growing consciousness that to take due advantage of the opportunities offered by the club meant a start in life that assured a future considerably beyond that of the ordinary wage-earning mechanic.

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In closing, the Spectator would say that the city here indicated is Pittsfield, Massachusetts; the beneficent citizen, Mr. Zenas Crane, of the neighboring town of Dalton, and brother to the present junior Senator from Massachusetts, the Hon. Winthrop Murray Crane. To the many Outlook readers who have boys' clubs in their towns the Spectator would say, Do not neglect them, as too often they have been neglected and left unsupported. Give them your best encouragement! They are good-citizenship factories of the highest efficiency. They reach precisely where they are most needed. They are immensely cheaper than a growing police force. Every new policeman stands for so much new lawbreaking, disorder, and crime to be prevented, suppressed, and punished. Practically every new lawbreaker, rowdy, and criminal is a young man gone wrong because he was a boy started wrong. The boys' clubs start the little fellows on the right road. They mean so much less evil in the new generation, less outlay for courts, prisons, and police. They also mean immense positive benefits—producers more competent and gainful, large additions to the common wealth and the common welfare.

TRAILING ARBUTUS

BY CHARLOTTE CHITTENDEN

O darling thing, beloved of spring,
From Earth you lie so near,
You send us up, from perfumed cup,
The news that Spring is here.
Your trailing gown, and faint pink crown,
Lie cushioned soft on moss.
If Spring, when new, should once miss you,
What could make good the loss?

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THE YELLOW MAN'S BURDEN

BY ARTHUR JUDSON BROWN

Author of "New Forces in Old China" and "The New Era in the Philippines"

UNDERLYING the political problem of the Far East and affecting it more profoundly than is commonly supposed is the lack of personal sympathy between the Oriental and Occidental. The chasm is deep and wide, and no small skill is required to bridge it. There appears to be a natural prejudice between men of different races. The terms Jew and Gentile, Greek and Barbarian, Roman and Enemy, testify to the age-old bitterness of this prejudice. Americans are prone to boast of their freedom from it, but their treatment of the negro, the Chinese, and more recently the Japanese in California, is painful evidence that they, too, are not exempt from this common failing of humanity. Is it surprising that a race antipathy which characterizes even the most enlightened and supposedly Christian people of the earth should exist on the part of proud and self-centered Asiatics?

This natural and deep-lying prejudice has been greatly aggravated by the aggressions of the white races. The author has discussed these at length elsewhere,[1] and space does not permit the recital here. Suffice it that nearly one-half of Asia, ten-elevenths of Africa, and practically all of the Island world are under nominally Christian governments; while some other countries have come so far under Western influences as to be from this view-point under almost the same conditions. However much we may be gratified by the fact, the methods by which it was achieved cannot be read by any fair-minded man without a feeling of mingled shame and indignation.

Commercially, too, the white man is ruthlessly aggressive. The products of the Western world are now to be found in almost every part of Asia and Africa. The old days of cheap living have passed away. The knowledge of modern inventions and of other foods and articles has created new wants, and an economic revolution of stupendous proportions is taking place.[1] Of this, too, the white man is considered the cause, and between the greed of some natives who hope to benefit by it and the resentment of others who are suffering from it, his position is one of increasing delicacy.

The resentment of the Asiatic is intensified by the conduct of many of the white men who seek his country. Traders and travelers have roamed through Asia and Africa for many years, and with the increasing facilities for intercommunication the number of these white men is rapidly increasing. While there are notable exceptions, it is notorious that their character as a class is bad.

The common attitude of these foreigners toward the natives is illustrated by the author of a recent book on Korea. He informs us that when the Korean sellers of curios became importunate, he "found the specific cure for their pestiferous attentions to be administered best in the shape of a little vigorous kicking." A sorcerer, who was making noisy incantations to exorcise a devil, so aggravated him that, "losing my temper and my reason altogether, I dropped his gongs and cymbals down a well, depositing him in it after them." When the poor inhabitants of a poverty-stricken village declined to sell him their scanty stock of chickens, "the grooms, the servants, and the interpreter at once tackled the mob, laying about them with their whips,

[1] "New Forces in Old China," Parts II. and III.

[1] For many facts on this subject see the author's article on Economic Changes in Asia, in the Century for March, 1904.

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. . . and fowls and eggs were at once forthcoming."

The Siamese and Laos treat a foreigner with extreme courtesy, but it has not always been reciprocated. The "boy," as the Asiatic servant is universally called, whom we engaged in Bangkok for our trip through the northern jungles, unconsciously gave an illustration of the general conduct of white travelers in Siam. "Who is Master and what is he going to Laos for?" he was overheard asking before we started. "He is the father of all the missionaries in Laos," was a boatman's reply, "and is going to see them." Upon which the boy ejaculated in a tone of relief, "Oh, then he won't kick me and throw bottles at me!" And two weeks later he said to a friend, "Master must be a very holy man, for he hasn't beaten me or sworn at me at all!" What a side-light upon the conduct of the average foreign traveler! As white men, we felt humiliated that such treatment of a servant as is everywhere taken for granted in America should in Siam be regarded as so exceptional, though it was pleasant to know that the very fact that one was connected with the missionaries was deemed presumptive evidence that one was a gentleman. The incident is commended to the consideration of those critics who allege that the natives dislike the missionaries.

Almost every traveler in Siam exhausts his vocabulary in anathematizing the local magistrates because they do not immediately furnish him elephants and carriers. We know from experience how trying such delays are. At Utradit and Pre we lost valuable time on this account. At Paknampo we could not secure boatmen at all, and at Lakawn we should have been unable to get elephants if it had not been for the kindness of the agents of the British trading companies. And this though we had, in addition to a passport, a special letter of introduction from Prince Damrong, Minister of the Interior, directing all magistrates promptly to give us any assistance that we needed. Again we were ashamed when we found that some of the officials wondered that we did not curse them. They had evidently been accustomed to abuse in such circumstances.

But what were the facts? It was rice harvest, and all the men were in the fields. It was, moreover, just after the King's visit, the preparations for which had compelled men to neglect their own affairs for months. Would it have been reasonable for us to complain because it took several days to find the carriers we needed? As for elephants, each animal is owned by an individual who keeps it for his own use, and when he does not need it he hobbles it and turns it loose in the jungle. To secure an elephant for a traveler, therefore, means that an owner must be found who is either able or willing to stop his own work or to send a man two or three days into the jungle to hunt up one. Suppose an Asiatic were to enter an American town and peremptorily order the Mayor to furnish him immediately four saddle-horses and thirty men as carriers. Suppose the Mayor were courteously to reply, "It will be difficult for me to comply with your request, for it is harvest time and the men are all busy, while the only horses in town are kept by private individuals, who may need them themselves or who may not care to lend them to a stranger; but I shall have pleasure in doing the best I can." And suppose that, if the men and horses were not at once forthcoming, the Asiatic were to become insolent and abusive and threaten to have the Mayor severely punished. That is precisely what happens when the average foreigner travels in Asia. Only instead of kicking him out of doors, as an American official would do in such circumstances, the Oriental magistrate, knowing by bitter experience the trouble that the foreigner can make for him, meekly hastens to do his bidding, frequently being obliged to seize elephants needed by their owners, and to arrest men and forcibly compel them to leave their fields and families to bear heavy burdens for weary weeks under a hot sun. "Why shouldn't we hate the foreigners," they say—"those violent and angry men with white faces, who come from a country beyond the sea, who are always in a hurry, and who blaspheme their God as no Buddhist would ever dream of blaspheming his?"

Then the foreigner often offends the religious susceptibilities of the natives.

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He excites the anger of a priest by tapping a god with a cane. He rouses a Moslem to murderous fury by entering a mosque without removing his shoes. In Siam it is a standing grievance that travelers steal the images of Buddha from the temples. What would be thought of a visitor in a Christian land who should carry off a communion vessel as a souvenir? When the religious convictions of a Buddhist people forbid the taking of life, the foreigner who shoots pigeons from the trees of the temple precincts simply stamps himself as a ruffian in the estimation of the monks.

Nor is the tension relieved by what the Oriental learns in other ways of Europe and America. China, Japan, India, and Siam have a vernacular press which does not fail to publish with savage satisfaction lurid accounts of our mobs and murders and social, financial, and political scandals. The Asiatic has learned to respect the purity of life and the unselfish labors of the missionaries, but he now knows that multitudes in the lands from which the missionaries come repudiate Christianity and sneer at the effort to preach it to other peoples. Chinese gentlemen visit America and are treated with shameful indignity. The Asiatic travels through Europe and America and goes back to tell his countrymen of our intemperance, our lust of gold, our municipal corruption.

And now we no longer confront a cringing heathenism, but an aroused and militant Asia which has awakened to a new consciousness of unity and power. The Japanese victory over Russia has intensified this spirit, so that to-day not only Japan, but China, India, and Turkey are aflame with the spirit of resistance to the white man's domination. British rule in Egypt has been of incalculable benefit to the people, but the fanatical hatred of the Moslem for all Christians is so fierce as to make him forget all the blessings that the Englishman has brought to him. He feels no gratitude whatever, and is ready at any time to break out in blindly furious rebellion. In India practically the same feeling exists. Whether or not Great Britain has done all for India that she ought to have done, the fact remains that she has given India a peace and justice and security for life and property that the country had never known prior to British occupation. But the proud-spirited East Indian, even though he may admit these things, will nevertheless tell the traveler that he hates the Englishman. The reason is apparent: the Englishman is his conqueror. No people on earth like to be subjugated, and the attitude of the East Indians toward the white man is the attitude of a haughty, sensitive race rankling under the wound to their dignity involved in the dominance of a handful of white men whose treatment at best is condescending and at worst and more commonly is so contemptuous that a prominent hotel is forced to post the following notice: "Visitors will be good enough not to strike the servants; any complaints made against them will be attended to by the manager."

If we pass to China, we find that equally proud-spirited people chafing because foreigners occupy so many of their fine harbors, and because even in the capital itself, and almost under the shadow of the Palace of the Emperor, the Legations of Western nations are virtual fortifications, stored with provisions and munitions of war and garrisoned by foreign troops. The Roman Catholic priests add to this burden of hatred. They are not given to abusing the natives, but they so strongly espouse the cause of their converts in lawsuits and quarrels that often a magistrate dares not decide a case against a Catholic. Moreover, the priests so openly identify themselves with the political designs of their respected countries, usually, that officials and people alike fear as well as dislike them.

As travelers, traders, politicians, and priests combined greatly outnumber the Protestant missionaries, it will readily be seen that they, rather than the missionaries, fix the status of the foreigner in the public mind, and that they create against foreigners as a class an indiscriminate hostility that is exceedingly hard to overcome. The heartrending consequences in China have been painfully evident. Even in Siam, one of the last countries in Asia in which opposi-

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tion to foreigners would normally be expected, for the people are naturally kindly and easy-going, dislike of foreigners is steadily growing, and, after the illustrations we have given, the reader will hardly wonder. The occurrences of the last few years have done much to increase this hostility all over Asia, and from present signs the coming years will do more.

Everywhere in the Far East "Asia for the Asiatic" is now the cry, and we must reckon with it. The myriads of Asia have awakened to the fear that the white man means them harm. The gulf between the Oriental and the Occidental is therefore becoming wider and deeper. The words "foreigner" and "native" are not literally appropriate, for there is no such gulf between the Chinese and the Korean, or between the Hindu and the Malay. In most of the cities of Siam there is an amazing mixture of different peoples—Siamese, Cambodians, Annamese, Burmese, Chinese—but they blend, about as Germans, Irish, English, and Scotch blend in an American city. The differences between them are infinitesimal as compared with those which separate the European and American from the Asiatic. The resultant condition must be frankly faced as a probably permanent and enlarging factor in our relations with the Far East.

Of all the foreigners in the Far East, the missionary is the one who most carefully adapts himself to the customs of the natives and who is animated by the strongest sympathy for them. But, unfortunately, the chasm between the foreigner and the native can never be wholly bridged even by the missionary. After he has shown all possible tact and made every practicable concession to the customs of the natives, the troublesome fact still remains that, as an intelligent native minister said to the author, "You are of another race. Your methods of living, your modes of thought and action, are not ours." Said a veteran missionary: "I know of no missionary who does not treat the natives kindly and who does not entertain a real love for the people. Our continuous aim has been to reach the heart. But I am much mistaken if there is not a great gulf fixed between all of us and the native people, so that we do not come into their hearts and comprehend them, nor do they comprehend us."

A few illustrations will help to make this clear. Take the matter of scale of living. According to Mr. Bryan, the average annual income of a man in India is only $10; in China it is less than $50. It is simply impossible for the white man to descend to such physical conditions. He is the product of a totally different scale of living, and any attempt to descend to that of the native would simply wreck his health. Even when the Oriental is rich, his conceptions of comfort differ widely from ours, while of sanitation he knows nothing, except of course in Japan. The average school-boy in America sleeps in a better bedroom than the Emperor of China.

Then there is the question of personal privacy. The Anglo-Saxon values it, but the average Asiatic is comparatively indifferent to it. When we were traveling in Korea, our arrival at an interior village was the signal for almost the whole population to gather. The women, in particular, often neither clean nor free from vermin, would crowd about my wife, feel of her dress, try to pull out her hairpins, and lift up the edge of her skirt to examine her shoes, all the time keeping up a stream of questions and comments that excited the uproarious laughter of the crowd, which usually included men. Nor was relief found when refuge was taken in an inn or a house, for the Koreans would peer in at every door and window. Locks and curtains there were none, and if a blanket was hung up, eyes would presently be seen around the edges or glued to a crack in the wall. The people were good-natured and meant no offense, but most American women would hardly enjoy such curiosity. We do not forget that the street gamins and loafers of New York are apt to be insolently inquisitive when a strangely clad Oriental passes through the streets. But a Korean lady in America would not be subjected to such an experience as we have described. At any rate, she could more easily escape from prying eyes. Europeans and Americans have been bred to the idea that their house is their castle. The missionary, far from his native land

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and surrounded by people of different customs, naturally values the privacy of his residence as the one bit of home in all the world that is left to him. But the natives are inquisitive, and they flock to his house in appalling numbers. They want to examine every part of it. With no idea of the value of time, they squat about it for hours, and if the owner objects they are bitterly offended. If he frequently has guests at his table, but confines his invitations to men of his own race, the natives think that they are discriminated against.

Then manner must be considered. The white man so instinctively feels that he is the lord of creation that it is hard for him, no matter how thoroughly Christian he may be, to get over the idea that men of a different color are his inferiors. Even well-meant kindness is apt to have an element of condescension in it. The missionary himself may not realize it, but the native is quick to detect it. The Anglo-Saxon is inclined to brusqueness. His tone is apt to be peremptory. He is always in a hurry. But the Oriental is polite, ceremonious, leisurely. He is very careful to respect "face," that mysterious but potent force in Asia. His manners more nearly resemble that extinct species, a gentleman of the old school.

The Oriental delights in exaggerations of the virtues of others, and in a correspondingly exaggerated depreciation of himself. It is said that a Chinese gentleman, wearing his finest gown of silk, called at a house where he happened to disturb a rat which was regaling itself out of a jar of oil standing on a beam over the door. In its sudden flight the rat upset the oil over the luckless visitor, ruining his fine raiment. While he was still pale with rage, his host appeared, and, after the customary greetings, the visitor accounted for his appearance in this wise: "As I was entering your honorable dwelling I frightened your honorable rat. While it was trying to escape it upset your honorable jar of oil over my poor and insignificant clothing. This explains the contemptible condition in which I find myself in your honorable presence." Could courtesy go further in trying to prevent the mortification of a host?

Probably a foreigner would hardly be equal to such a demand upon his politeness and self-control. But he will do well to familiarize himself with native customs and etiquette, and to be as tactful as possible in observing them. The ceremonies may appear absurd to him, but they are not absurd to the native, and the foreigner will only prejudice himself in native eyes by ignoring them. We know how we regard one in this country who tucks his napkin under his chin, eats with his knife, and drinks out of his saucer or finger-bowl. The Moslem has precisely the same opinion of a white man who enters a mosque without removing his shoes. The Chinese think no better of the American who promptly takes the seat farthest from the door, or who begins to drink his tea as soon as it is served. To look at a high Chinese official through glasses is to be wanting in proper respect, and the man who is forced to wear glasses all the time should be careful to explain, or he may give offense. To make a social call in China in a sedan chair with short handles creates something of the sensation that would be created in America if one were to make a social call in a hearse, because a short-handled sedan chair is employed at funerals to carry the spirit of the deceased. To send presents wrapped up in the wrong way or by the wrong kind of a messenger is to deprive them of their value to the recipient. To hold one's hands behind the back while talking to an Oriental is to be discourteous. To walk rapidly is to class one's self with coolies. To inquire of a Moslem about the health of his wife is to offer an unpardonable insult. To count the children of a household in Africa is to bring bad luck upon them. To jump quickly out of a gharry in India is, in the estimation of an East Indian lady or gentleman, as undignified as for a lady in New York to jump over a fence.

The Oriental seldom objects to Christianity as such. He usually has several religions already, and the coming of another does not itself arouse his antipathy. He probably knows that his race has more than once changed its faith, and that, too, without bloodshed or revolution. Indeed, Christianity in essential aspects

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appeals more readily to him than to an Anglo-Saxon, for Christ was an Oriental and the Bible is an Oriental book, abounding with ideas and expressions that an Oriental naturally understands better than we do. It is Christianity's identification with the foreigner that arouses the Asiatic's suspicion. It comes to him as the religion of the white man who is despoiling him of his territory, overthrowing or menacing his national independence, upsetting all the economic conditions of his life, swaggering about his streets, robbing him of his goods, and insulting his women. Imagining that all white men are Christians, he blindly and furiously hates them all. This forms at once the most formidable obstacle and the most imperative need of the missionary.

The Government can help by greater care in selecting for consular and diplomatic posts in Asia men whose daily lives conform to those standards of uprightness which President Roosevelt inculcates and exemplifies in public life at home. Many of our representatives abroad are of this type, but there are exceptions. It is deplorable when, as in some lands to-day, this supposedly most Christian nation is officially represented among non-Christian peoples by men whom common fame charges with conduct that is beneath the level of respectable heathenism. And if the drunken and licentious agent is not employed in America by a reputable business house, why should he be employed as its agent in the Far East? Is it not reasonable to ask that governmental and commercial positions in Asia shall be given only to men whose lives are not inconsistent with those principles of righteousness upon which we pride ourselves at home?

But the main work of conciliation must be done by the churches in sending to Asia in increasing numbers missionaries who represent the spirit of Christ and the best types of our Western character and culture. This is precisely what the churches are doing, and more and more evident does it become that in this missionary effort is the only true solution of the Far Eastern question.

A SUMMER MEMORY

BY KATE TAYLOR KEMP

IT was on a July afternoon in 18— that I first saw the berry-woman. I was sitting idly on the steps of the quaint old house which we had taken for the summer. Before me lay the waters of Lake Champlain, while afar off rose the cool peaks of the Green Mountains, all purple and pink in the sunset glow. The afternoon had been a hot one, but a thunder-storm had cooled the air, and I had come out for a breath of the freshness. Sitting there face to face with the beauties of the scene, my thoughts had wandered far away to the time when all about was wilderness, and I quite lost sight of my surroundings in the vague dream of stalwart warriors, merry young squaws, and dusky little folk, in the life which my fancy pictured for them in the long ago.

But my dream was rudely shattered by a voice, shrill and unfamiliar. "I say, don't s'pose you want no berries, do you?" I looked up and saw seated in a rattletrap of a wagon a quaint figure of a little old woman. She was leaning eagerly towards me, and her face, shaded by a rusty black bonnet, was full of a bird-like alertness and curiosity. I rose, and, going down to the gate, began to question her as to her wares. As I approached she jumped lightly over the wheel, and, paying no attention to what I was saying, she grasped me cordially by the hand and went on rapidly, "I'm awful glad to see you; I don't generally come up this way, but they told me there was some city folks in the old Case house, and I reckoned I'd come and have a look at 'em, says I; won't do no harm even if I don't sell nothin'."

I laughed and said, "Let me see your berries; if they are nice, I shall be glad to take some." As I began to speak she had started to take a measure from under the old blanket which covered the box

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beneath the seat, but before I had finished she had turned, placed her hands firmly on her hips, and, looking me straight in the eye, said: "Now look here, you an' me's likely to do a lot of business together this summer; you treat me right an' I'll treat you right. I ain't no skin, an' when I bring you berries *I bring you berries*, an' that's all there is to it. There ain't no *if* about it." "Very well," I said meekly, and bought my berries.

As she climbed into the wagon and settled herself, she said, "I'll be round again Tuesday, an' don't you buy of nobody else. I ain't comin' five miles jest for nothin', an' I'll bring 'em jest as long as they last. G'land!" And off she went.

True to her word, she came, and, without waiting to ask, took out a ten-quart basket, full of big, juicy berries, fresh and delicious. "There! I picked 'em jest for you. You can eat 'em all. Your family's big an' you look good an' hearty; now me, I don't care none for 'em in summer time. I like 'em put up in jars for winter, an' I tell you right now, I'm goin' to put up a lot by an' by, if I do have to get help pickin' 'em. I ain't going to sell my stomach empty, not for nobody."

A little child of perhaps six years sat holding the reins over the back of the old horse, and, wishing to get in a word myself, I said, "Do tell me your little girl's name." "Her name's Maria Jane Louise Ransome." "But you told me your name was Van Dusen." "So 'tis; she is my great-gran'darter." "But, surely, *you* are not a great-grandmother!" I exclaimed in amazement, as her face, though lined and seamed, was still not that of an old woman. "I got three great-grandchildren," she said, proudly, "even if I don't look it. There! I can't stand talking here no longer. *I* got somethin' else to do," with a look at me which convicted me of being an idle person indeed.

As the summer drew along, I came to know my little berry-woman well, and used to watch for her arrival as one of the events of the day. She showed a great interest in the members of my family, and inquired as to the name and occupation of each one. "Now, who's that?" she asked, abruptly, as my fair-haired Swedish nurse came towards us, leading the baby. My explanation was greeted with, "Oh, she's so fat, I thought she was related to you."

Her calls were evidently a source of much pleasure to her as well as to me, but one thing troubled her. She wanted to see my "man." Many were the questions which she asked as to his whereabouts, his occupation, looks, etc. For long her curiosity went unsatisfied, my husband's business keeping him elsewhere, but at last he joined us, and one morning soon after, my little woman drove up, with a look of serene satisfaction on her face. Her first words were accompanied by a nod of content. "Well, I seen him." "Whom?" I asked, bewildered. "Your man; they p'inted him out to me down street. Little feller, ain't he?" He is nearly six feet. But with this all interest in him vanished.

During our many talks together I learned about her early marriage, her striving to make a home for herself and the "handful of children" who quickly came. How, after all these years, when the great-grandchildren numbered three, the little farm was being finally paid for in part by the proceeds of her sales of berries. Later, as I was driving one day, I overtook her, homeward bound, with her pails of freshly picked fruit, and, drawing up, I invited her to climb in and let me take her home. She accepted gratefully, and as she settled herself comfortably on the seat and took off her sunbonnet to cool her forehead, she remarked with a sigh of satisfaction, "Jest the minute I see them horses' heads over my shoulder, I said to myself, '*It's that woman.*'" A little later, when I helped her down at her door, she thanked me and said, "I do like you, you're so common."

This was almost the last time I saw her, for the berry season drew to a close and my drives took me seldom in that direction. It was but a chance acquaintance. Our paths lay far apart, and I have never seen her since that long-ago summer. But I can still in fancy see that bright, withered little face, and among my memories few give me greater pleasure than the evident sincerity of her "I do like you, you're so common."

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HOW TO SEE ITALY

BY AMY A. BERNARDY

IT is said that a very particular housekeeper one day arrived in Venice, and the first thing she did was to write home as follows: "Oh, this dirty Venice! I feel all the time as if I wanted to go around with a mop-pail and a scrubbing-brush and clean it up."

Mrs. Browning, on a similar occasion, wrote: "I have been between heaven and earth since our arrival at Venice. The heaven of it is ineffable; never had I touched the skirts of so celestial a place. The beauty of the architecture, the silver trails of water between all that gorgeous color and carving, the enchanting silence, the music and the gondolas! I mix all up together and maintain that nothing is like it, nothing equal to it, not a second Venice in the world."

Moral: Try, if you can, to see Italy with the reverent and joyful spirit with which Mrs. Browning saw it. If you feel within you the possibility of sharing the housekeeper's views, don't go to Italy. Which second advice constitutes the serious problem of my subject. "How to see Italy" apparently implies a series of "do"—"do this," "do that," and so forth; but it implacably presents itself instead arrayed in a series of "don't." Those to whom you would say "do" are already so intelligent on the subject, and so conversant with its possibilities, that they need hardly be told how to treat it. These know. There are others who don't know, and who deserve some positive and some negative advice. There are, alas! others yet who think they know, and they make your spirit groan. Never was I so much—so disagreeably, I mean—impressed as when, not long ago, I saw a group of American women, possibly well-to-do and otherwise civilized, come to the audience of the Pope in their traveling suits, with their Baedekers hardly concealed by their coats, and weather-beaten brown veils hanging from awry straw hats. They were "taking in" the Pope between the Vatican and possibly the Palatine. The good old Pope blessed all, indiscriminately, but one could not help thinking that forgiveness was granted because they knew not what they were doing. Had I known those women, and met them at the bronze door, my advice would have been—don't. They no more really saw the Pope than if they had not seen him at all. They missed all the interest of the little drama—the preparation, the expectation of the event as a solemnity, not as a sight to be done; the courtesy, the stateliness, the old-time flavor of it; the suggestion of the black robes and the flowing veils, which are the rule, and which they ought to have worn in common decency, even if they were Protestants—yes, even if they had been atheists. They thought they knew all about it, and to this day probably they wonder why there was so little in it.

The daily increase in the rush of eastward travel increases sadly misconceptions and missteps of this kind. The superficial and businesslike and irreverent spirit of the age, and especially of the thriving democracy, is disastrous in connection with your Italy. If you can't get rid of it, leave Italy alone.

Don't, to begin with, feel in honor bound to make the eagle scream wherever you happen to be, and chiefly in the presence of the heraldic Zoo of the older world. Don't imagine that you are going to find America in Italy, and growl because American institutions don't thrive at the threshold of cathedrals, and the Adams Express sign doesn't hang at every village station. Don't imagine that on account of this diversity or deficiency Italy is worse off than America by any means, and that, when something strikes you abroad as odd or idiotic, the oddity or the other thing is all on the opposite side, and that it is always the other thing that is not "educated up" to you. Don't look for sky-scrapers on the Italian street and breakfast food on the Italian table, for mince pie at the *osteria* and ice-cream soda at the drug-store. Don't constantly keep thinking about the things mother

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used to make and the things you get used to at home. Don't read Marion Crawford and imagine that you are going to find his Italy in the real Italy; and don't think that Italy would be better run on the American plan. It is strange to the impartial observer to notice how sensitive, in fact how utterly intolerant, the American people are of foreign criticism about themselves, and with what magnificent liberality they bestow it upon others. You can't expect the people to do what suits you, since you volunteered to come; they never asked you. Leave off all thought of your personal habits and opinions and your national idiosyncrasies; hoist the banner of adaptability. It may be that Europe and Italy were originally intended to be some day civilized by America and populated by Americans; for the present, the natives are still there. Keep your mental Fourth of July firecrackers to yourself.

These, briefly and brutally, are the rudiments of your preparation. But you probably have still to overcome certain other traditional prejudices that consciously or unconsciously cloud the brain of the average American traveler to Italy. First, the bugaboo of malaria. Malaria exists no longer anywhere near the spots haunted by American tourists; the efficient work of the government and the landowners concerned has succeeded in relegating it to certain districts of the marshy, depopulated agricultural region of Maremma. One thing is certain, however, that if people would but court sickness with the same persistency in their own country that they do while traveling and sightseeing in the Latin lands, they could get malaria, typhoid fever, pneumonia, and I don't know what not in their own back yard in New York or in Omaha at much less trouble and expense than they incur in going abroad.

The same can be said of the water question. Everybody drinks natural water in Italy, and the water of Rome, and Naples, and other cities is as wholesome as any around the world. But the native also drinks wine at his meals, and mineral water, principally in summer. And the native does not eat a heavy American breakfast, which is absurd in the Italian climate; nor does he attempt indiscriminate sightseeing in the hot sun and in the cool churches, in a rush, on top of the heavy breakfast and after a hurried lunch washed down with a flood of iced water, which, however good to counteract the effects of steam heat, is dangerous when used against natural heat. Nor do the Italian ladies wear the lightest lingerie blouses with the heaviest traveling skirts and American walking boots or shoes, which even in their lightest description are far too heavy for the Italian street in summer.

Mosquitoes and insects generally are another of the alleged Italian nuisances. They are not dangerous or poisonous in any way, and at all events are milder than the New Jersey or New Hampshire specimen. Other small and inconvenient insects are but a part of the rush and dust of sightseeing, climbing, sitting, and generally moving about in all sorts of places. Choose good clean places to stay in, wear light wash-clothes, and you have solved the problem.

Bargaining and feeing must be met with equanimity. Besides, by this time the American traveler has learned to keep his money so close that the performance is less of a joy to the other party than to him. The shopkeeper still in many cases adheres to the traditional custom of asking a higher price than he intends to sell for, but the American's estimate of the relative value of money is generally so exact that he is hardly misled at all. In fact, the average traveler is rather apt to under-price things than otherwise. Needless to say, you do not bargain in the upper-class shops; their prices are high, but so is their standard, and you don't think of bargaining there any more than you would on Fifth Avenue or Regent Street. Besides, in all large cities there are minor shops with fixed prices, and department stores on the same plan. As for feeing, remember that the disaster is more apparent than real in Italy, just the reverse of what it is in New York. Your American messenger boy accepts a nickel but doesn't thank you for less than a quarter, while your Italian ragamuffin rejoices in the bounteous offering of one cent, and even if you

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have twenty-five objects of the kind to satisfy, the consequence is obvious. True, you fee ten people in Italy to one in New York, but in Italy the scrub-woman is not a *lady*, your driver doesn't refuse two cents for the purchase of a *sigaro*, and your porter doesn't think himself quite as good a citizen as you are, consequently he doesn't put quite so high a price upon the sacrifice of dignity entailed by his acceptance of your fee. Two or three cents call for a *grazie* with surprising frequency, and ten cents is often liberality. Besides, as F. Hopkinson Smith says, there are occasions in Italy when a smile is as good as a *soldo*. The trouble with too many travelers, especially women travelers, is that, on one side, having heard so much of the cheapness of Italy, they expect it to amount to almost nothingness; on the other, that too often, having money enough for three months, they expect to stretch it over six, and possibly nine. But the truth remains, generally, that you can rely upon getting more joy out of less money in Italy, if you only know how, than in almost any other part of the world.

To do so, however, you must be rich yourself in personal resources, in power of appreciation, in knowledge, in that virtue of detachment and abstraction from petty details which allows you to save your strength for contemplation and joy in the beauty of things around you. For now, having done our best to dispose of the minor material nuisances and molded our spirit to a feeling of superiority to events, we may pursue the higher interests of the proposed plan. First of all, give to a sensible preparation all the time that you can possibly spare. By this I don't mean what many people do—reading a certain number of handbooks on art, and proposing to exhaust your Baedeker, that wonderful help to the wise and great misleader of the unwary. Italy has been likened to the book of centuries. You don't take an encyclopædia to read from first to last page. Don't try to read all that the centuries have impressed upon their book. Don't attempt to cram churches and galleries, palaces and fortresses, catacombs with Renaissance, ancient Roman with *barocco*, gardens with convents, a little of everything and nothing thoroughly. Make up your mind which attracts you most, whether pictures or architecture, nature or art. Going through galleries, try to see only some things, those that you have long known by fame and with which you are familiar already, or those that have some special attraction to your mind, and resist the temptation even to look upon the others. You wouldn't remember them, anyhow, after six months, and it is astonishing how much time, strength, and worry can be saved by a wise system of selection, how much clearness of ideas and depth of enjoyment are gained thus. In no case feel obliged to do Italy because others do it or as others do it. Stick to what is likely to appeal to you. No mistake in Italy is easier and more dangerous than this indiscriminate sightseeing, which soon becomes a burden to the body as well as to the mind, and leaves, even worse than a light impression, a blurred series of impressions on you, and the sense of weariness and of duty performed listlessly and joylessly. Have the courage of your own opinions. Don't pretend to be interested in the portraits of the Popes at St. Paul's when in your heart of hearts you know that you would rather drive to the Pincio, where the band plays while you sit in the sun and see the Queen pass by and smile. Don't go to the Popes because you'll never have a chance to see Italy again. Better see what you like if such is the case, disregarding completely, if necessary, the advice of friends and the trend of public opinion, which means the trend of conventionality. The flowers on the Lungarni in Florence or Pisa may have more to tell you than the frescoes in the palaces; sit and watch the flowers on the Lungarni. When you come to a place where you feel like tarrying a while, do so by all means, even if a hundred asterisks in your Baedeker clamor for your attention and maintain that you must enjoy something else. That hour of self-indulgence meanwhile will have revealed to you more of the real spirit of the place than any amount of cramming and hurrying through the conventional lines. Thus

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pursuing the elusive spirit of Italy with a soothed heart, after its own mood, having laid aside all dutiful mop-pail and scrubbing-brush ideas, you will be astonished to find how enjoyable is Italy with relaxation.

And let me add here that to the glamour of Florence and Rome, and to the accomplishment of the conventional tour, many another delight is sacrificed. Lots of people don't really begin to understand Rome who might grasp the tropical splendor and the Spanish or Saracen atmosphere of Sicily, or even more easily feel at home in the Riviera, with its brilliant mixture of natural beauty and Parisian elegance. If you seek old tradition and are attracted by millenary folk-lore, Abruzzo is the place for you. Romance of the Middle Ages hovers in the castles of Aosta even more than in the Tuscan strongholds. And if you have only a day to spend in Italy, or if you are tired and want only one impression, and that as different from all others as possible, see that you spend that day in Venice.

There seems to be a general feeling that northern Italy hardly deserves time and attention. *Error magnus, error deplorabilis.* From Genoa to Venice via Spezia, the brilliant military post; Parma, the city of Correggio; Milan, with possibly the *certosa* of Pavia and the frescoes of Mantua; Verona, the city of Juliet; Padua, Ferrara, and Treviso, makes one of the fullest and most comprehensive Italian trips, sufficiently harmonious and varied to be a delight from end to end. It begins with a suggestion and ends with a revelation. It might dawn upon you, meanwhile, that if Genoa had not the Van Dycks she would be noted as one of the wealthiest mercantile cities of Europe; that if Milan were not the city of the Last Supper and the cathedral, we would realize that her institutions, organizations, modern conveniences, etc., are of the best that the twentieth century can furnish—for she is fully as up to date as New York, except that she retains some glamour of beauty and romance within the moats and walls of her castello. Let me also suggest the Adriatic coast, from Istria to Calabria, as the ideal coast of pastoral beauty and rugged grandeur, of mediæval legend and classic suggestion—Greek, Eastern, and Italian at one and the same time, pure, natural, undesecrated. To the old and experienced traveler a reminder: the ruins and dust-heaps of Italy are marvelously fecund of masterpieces, full of revelations. Seek henceforth in Genoa the renewed Loggia dei Mercanti; in Naples the Viceregal walls, the Castello in Milan. The Roman forum is teeming daily with new wonders, and in Florence the Uffizii are continually richer by several masterpieces.

Last but not least, to all, don't go to Italy by the northern route. The great rush of London, the dazzling Parisian brilliancy, the panoramic Swiss scenery, won't make a good background for your Italian impressions. Go by the southern lines, and if you want a preface to the vision of beauty, a communion with the spirit of rest, with the spirit of ages, with the gentle simplicity of life, stop off your transatlantic liner at the happy Azores, and then at Gibraltar, where the British, the Saracen, and the Latin soul are subdued in harmony among the flowers of the Alameda. That is the fittest introduction to Italy of the multiform spirit. Have your first glimpse of her from the blue sea, for she is a maritime land, the pearl of the Mediterranean.

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THE SCHOOL DAYS OF AN INDIAN

BY CHARLES A. EASTMAN
(OHIYESA)

II. DISCOVERING A NEW WORLD

IT was in the fall of 1874 that I started from Flandreau, then only an Indian settlement, with a good neighbor of ours on his way to Santee. There were only a dozen houses or so at Sioux Falls, and the whole country was practically uninhabited, when we embarked in a home-made prairie schooner, on that bright September morning.

I had still my Hudson Bay flintlock gun, which I had brought down with me from Canada the year before. I took that old companion, with my shot-pouch and a well-filled powder-horn. All I had besides was a blanket and an extra shirt. I wore my hunting suit, which was a compromise between Indian attire and a frontiersman's outfit. I was about sixteen years old and small of my age.

Our first night on my way to school was at Hole-in-the-Hill, one of the most picturesque spots in the valley. Here I brought in a doe, which I had come upon in the tall grass of the river bottom. Peter shot several ducks, and we had a good supper. It seemed to me more like one of our regular fall hunts than like going away to school.

After supper I said, "I am going to set some of your traps, uncle."

"And I will go with you," replied Peter. "But before we go, we must have our prayer," and he took out his Bible and hymn-book printed in the Indian tongue.

It was all odd enough to me, for although my father did the same, I had not yet become thoroughly used to such things. Nevertheless, it was the new era for the Indian; and while we were still seated on the ground around the central fire of the Sioux teepee, and had just finished our repast of wild game, Peter read from the good book, and performed the devotional exercises of his teepee home, with quite as much zeal as if he were within four walls and surrounded by civilized things. I was very much impressed when this primitive Christian prayed that I might succeed in my new undertaking.

The next morning was frosty, and after an early breakfast we hurried to our traps. I got two fine minks and a beaver for my trouble, while Peter came home smiling with two otters and three beavers. I saw that he had something on his mind, but, like a true Indian, I held my peace. At last he broke the news to me—he had changed his mind about going to Santee agency!

I did not blame him—it was hard to leave such a trapper's paradise as this, alive with signs of otter, mink, and beaver. I said nothing, but thought swiftly. The temptation was strong to remain and trap too. That would please my grandmother; and I will confess here that no lover is more keen to do the right thing for the loved one than I was at that time to please my old grandmother.

The thought of my father's wish kept me on my true course. Leaving my gun with Peter, I took my blanket on my back and started for the Missouri on foot.

About this time I did some of the hardest thinking that I have ever done in my life. All day I traveled, and did not see any one until, late in the afternoon, descending into the valley of a stream, I came suddenly upon a solitary farm-house of sod, and was met by a white man—a man with much hair on his face.

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I was hungry and thirsty as a moose in burned timber. I had some money that my father had given me—I hardly knew the different denominations; so I showed the man all of it, and told him by signs that he might take what he pleased if only he would let me have something to eat, and a little more to carry with me. As for lodging, I would not have slept in his house if he had promised me a war-bonnet!

While he was cordial—at any rate, after I exhibited my money—there was something about his manner that did not put me at my ease, and my wild instincts told me to keep an eye on him. But I was not alone in this policy, for his flock of four daughters and a son nearly put their necks out of joint in following my modest, shy movements.

When they invited me to sit down with them at the table, I felt uncomfortable, but hunger was stronger than my fears and modesty. The climax came when I took my seat on a rickety stool between the big, hairy man and one of his well-grown daughters. I felt not unlike a young blue heron just leaving the nest to partake of his first meal on an unsafe, swinging branch. I was entirely uncertain of my perch.

All at once, without warning, the man struck the table with the butt of his knife with such force that I jumped and was within an ace of giving a war-whoop. In spite of their taking a firm hold of the home-made table to keep it steady, the dishes were quivering, and the young ladies no longer able to maintain their composure. Severe glances from mother and father soon brought us calm, when it appeared that the blow on the table was merely a signal for quiet before saying grace. I pulled myself in, much as a turtle would do, and possibly it should be credited to the stoicism of my race that I scarcely ever ate a heartier meal.

After supper I got up and held out to the farmer nearly all the money I had. I did not care whether he took it all or not. I was grateful for the food, and money had no such hold on my mind as it has gained since. To my astonishment, he simply smiled, shook his head, and stroked his shaggy beard.

I was invited to join the family in the sod-house parlor, but owing to the severe nerve-shocks that I had experienced at the supper-table, I respectfully declined, and betook myself to the bank of the stream near by, where I sat down to meditate. Presently there pealed forth a peculiar, weird music, and the words of a strange song. It was music from a melodeon, but I did not then know what that was; and the tune was "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Strange as it sounded to me, I felt that there was something soothing and gentle about the music and the voices.

After a while curiosity led me back to the sod house, and I saw for the first time how the white woman pumps so much air into a box that when she presses on the top boards it howls convulsively. I forgot my bashfulness so far as to listen openly and enjoy the operation, wondering much how the white man puts a pair of lungs into a box, which is furnished with a whole set of black and white teeth, and when he sings to it, it appears to answer him. This is how the white people teach their children to do things, I thought.

Presently I walked over to a shed where the farmer seemed to be very busy with his son, earnestly hammering something with all their might in the midst of glowing fire and sparks. He had an old breaking-plow which he was putting into shape on his rude forge. With sleeves rolled up, face and hands blackened and streaming with sweat, I thought he looked not unlike a successful warrior just returned from the field of battle. His powerful muscles and the manly way in which he handled the iron impressed me tremendously. "I shall learn that profession if ever I reach the school and learn the white man's way," I thought.

I thanked the good man for his kind invitation to sleep within the sod walls with all his family, but signed to him that I preferred to sleep out-of-doors. I could see some distrust in his eyes, for his horses were in the open stable; and at that my temper rose, but I managed to control it. He had been kind to me, and no Indian will break the law of hospitality unless he has lost all the trails of his people. The man looked me over

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again carefully, and appeared satisfied; and I rolled myself up in my blanket among the willows, but every star that night seemed to be bent upon telling the story of the white man.

I slept lit le, and early the next morning I was awakened by the barking of the farmer's collie and the laughter of his daughters. I got up and came to the house. Breakfast was nearly ready, and every member of the family was on hand. After breakfast I once more offered my money, but was refused. I was glad. Then and there I loved civilization and renounced my wild life.

I took up my blanket and continued on my journey, which for three days was a lonely one. I had nothing with which to kill any game, so I stopped now and then at a sod house for food. When I reached the back hills of the Missouri, there lay before me a long slope leading to the river bottom, and upon the broad flat, as far as my eyes could reach, lay farm-houses and farms. Ah! I thought, this is the way of civilization, the basis upon which it rests! I desired to know that life.

Thirty miles from the school I met Dr. Riggs on the road, coming to the town of Yankton, and received some encouraging words from him, for he spoke the Sioux language very well. A little further on I met the Indian agent, Major Sears, a Quaker, and he, too, gave me a word of encouragement when he learned that I had walked a hundred and fifty miles to school. My older brother John, who was then assistant teacher and studying under Dr. Riggs, met me at the school and introduced me to my new life.

The bell of the old chapel at Santee summoned the pupils to school. Our principal read aloud from a large book and offered prayer. Although he conducted devotional exercises in the Sioux language, the subject matter was entirely strange, and the names he used were unintelligible to me. "Jesus" and "Jehovah" fell upon my ears as mere meaningless sounds.

I understood that he was praying to the "Great Mystery" that the work of the day might be blessed and their labor be fruitful. All this was new and very strange. A cold sweat came out upon me as I heard him ask the "Great Mystery" to be with us in that day's work in that school building. I thought it was too much to ask of him. I had been taught that the Supreme Being is only concerned with spirits, and that when one wishes to commune with him in nature he must be in a spiritual attitude, and must retire from human sound or influence, alone in the wilderness. Here for the first time I heard Him addressed openly in the presence of a house full of young men and young girls!

All the scholars were ordered to various rooms under different instructors, and I was left in the chapel with another long-haired young man. He was a Mandan from Fort Berthold—one of our ancient enemies. Not more than two years before that time my uncle had been on the war-path against this tribe and had brought home two Mandan scalps. He, too, was a new scholar, and looked as if he were about to come before the judge to receive his sentence. My heart at once went out to him, although the other pupils were all of my own tribe, the Sioux. I noticed that he had beautiful long hair arranged in two plaits, and in spite of his sad face he was noble-looking and appeared to great advantage, I thought, in contrast with the other pupils, whose hair was cut short and their garments not becoming to them at all. This boy, Alfred Mandan, became a very good friend of mine.

Dr. Riggs took me in hand and told me the rules of the school and what was expected of us. There was the chapel, which was used as a church every Sunday and as a school-house on week days. There was the Dakota Home for the girls' dormitory—a small, square frame building—and for the boys a long log house some two hundred yards from the chapel under the large cottonwood-trees.

Dr. Riggs said that I need not study any that first day, but could fill up the big bag he brought me with straw from the straw pile back of his barn. I carried it over to the log cabin, where the Doctor was before me and had provided a bunk or framework for my bed. I filled a smaller bag for a pillow, and, having received the sheets and blankets, I

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made my first white man's bed under his supervision. When it was done it looked clean and dignified enough for any one, I thought.

He said that I must make it every morning like that before going to school. "And for your wash, there is a tin basin or two on a bench just outside of the door, by the water-barrels." And so it was. We had three barrels of Missouri River water, which we ourselves filled up every week, for we boys had to furnish our own water and wood, and were detailed in pairs for this work.

Dr. Riggs supplied axes for the wood-choppers, and barrels and pails for the water-carriers, also a yoke of large and gentle white oxen and a lumber-wagon. It seems to me that I never was better acquainted with two animals than with these two! I have done some of my solemnest thinking behind them. The Missouri River was about two miles from our log house, with a wide stretch of bottom land intervening, partly cottonwood timber and partly open meadow with tall grass. I could take a nap, or dance a war-dance, if I cared to do so, while they were carrying me to wood or to water.

Dr. Riggs gave me a little English primer to study, also one or two books in the Dakota language, which I had learned to read in the day-school. There was a translation of the Psalms, and of the Pilgrim's Progress. I must confess that at that time I would have preferred one of grandmother's evening stories, or my uncle's account of his day's experiences in the chase. I thought it was the dullest hunting I had ever known!

Toward evening a company of three young men arrived from up the river—to all appearance full-fledged warriors. Ah, it was good to see the handsome white, blue, and red blankets worn by these stately Sioux youths! I had not worn one since my return from Canada. My brother got me a suit of clothes, and had some one cut my hair, which was already over my ears, as it had not been touched since the year before. I felt like a wild goose with its wings clipped.

Next morning the day pupils emerged in every direction from the woods and deep ravines where the Indians had made their temporary homes, while we, the log-cabin boarders, came out in Indian file. The chapel bell was tolling as we reached the yard, when my attention was attracted to a pretty lass standing with her parents and Dr. Riggs near the Dakota Home. Then they separated and the father and mother came toward us, leaving the Doctor and the pretty Dakota maiden standing still. All at once the girl began to run toward her parents, screaming pitifully.

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot stay in the white man's house! I'll die, I'll die! Mamma! Mamma!"

The parents stopped and reasoned with the girl, but it was of no use. Then I saw them leading her back to the Dakota Home, in spite of her pleading and begging. The scene made my blood boil, and I suppressed with difficulty a strong desire to go to her aid.

How well I remember the first time we were called upon to recite! In the same primer class were Eagle-Crane, Kite, and their compatriot from up the river. For a whole week we youthful warriors were held up and harassed with words of three letters. Like raspberry bushes in the path, they tore, bled, and sweated us—those little words rat, cat, and so forth—until not a semblance of our native dignity and self-respect was left. And we were of just the age when the Indian youth is most on his dignity! Imagine the same fellows turned loose against Custer or Harney with anything like equal numbers and weapons, and those tried generals would feel like boys! We had been bred and trained to those things; but when we found ourselves within four walls and set to pick out words of three letters, we were like novices upon snow-shoes—often flat on the ground.

I hardly think I was ever tired in my life until those first days of boarding-school. All day things seemed to come and pass with a wearisome regularity, like walking railway ties—the step was too short for me. At times I felt something of the fascination of the new life, and again there would arise in me a dogged resistance, and a voice seemed to be saying, "It is cowardly to depart from the old things!"

Aside from repeating and spelling

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words, we had to count and add imaginary amounts. We never had had any money to count, nor potatoes, nor turnips, nor bricks. Why, we valued nothing except honor; that cannot be purchased. It seemed now that everything must be measured in time or money or distance. And when the teacher placed before us a painted globe, and said that our world was like that—that upon such a thing our forefathers had roamed and hunted for untold ages, as it whirled and danced around the sun in space—I felt that my foothold was deserting me. All my savage training and philosophy was in the air, if these things were true.

Later on, when Dr. Riggs explained to us the industries of the white man, his thrift and forethought, we could see the reasonableness of it all. Economy is the able assistant of labor, and the two together produce great results. The systems and methods of business were of great interest to us, and especially the adoption of a medium of exchange.

The Doctor's own personality impressed us deeply, and his words of counsel and daily prayers, strange to us at first, in time found root in our minds. The world seemed gradually to unfold before me, and the desire to know all that the white man knows was the tremendous and prevailing thought in me, and was constantly growing upon me more and more.

I studied harder than most of the boys. Missionaries were poor, and the Government policy of education for the Indian had not then been developed. The white man in general had no use for the Indian. Sitting Bull and the Northern Cheyennes were still fighting in Wyoming and Montana, so that the outlook was not bright for me to pursue my studies among the whites, yet it was now my secret dream and ambition.

It was at Santee that I sawed my first cord of wood. Before long I had a little money of my own, for I sawed most of Dr. Riggs's own wood and some at the Dakota Home, besides other work for which I was paid. Although I could not understand or speak much English, at the end of my second year I could translate every word of my English studies into the native tongue, besides having read all that was then published in the Sioux. I had caught up with boys who had two or three years the start of me, and was now studying elementary algebra and geometry.

One day Dr. Riggs came to me and said that he had a way by which he could send me to Beloit, Wisconsin, to enter the preparatory department of Beloit College. This was a great opportunity, and I grasped it eagerly, though I had not yet lost my old timidity about venturing alone among the white people.

I went to Beloit in September, 1876, two months after Custer's command had been annihilated by the Sioux. People were bitter against the Sioux in those days, and I think one of the local papers printed a story that I was a nephew of Sitting Bull, who had sent me there to study the white man's arts so that he might be better able to cope with them. When I went into the town, I was followed on the streets by gangs of little white savages, giving imitation war-whoops; but at the school they received me kindly.

The journey itself was an education. I had never before traveled by rail, nor seen a large town. Practically, I had not known what student life is, for here the young men worked with a regularity and earnestness that amazed me. I could understand simple sentences in English when slowly spoken, but I did not like to ask questions—that is not the Indian way—so I tried to reason everything out for myself, and discovered my mistakes later.

For one thing, I supposed then that every educated man must be highly religious and spiritual-minded. The chapel gatherings at each end of the day impressed me very much. Some of the professors appeared to me to be mysteriously endowed with more than human wisdom and experience, especially those whose heads were entirely bald. I supposed this to be a sign of something remarkable and holy.

Yet it was at Beloit College that my eyes were opened intelligently, for the first time, to the greatness and brilliancy of Christian civilization—the ideal civilization, as I then saw it prospectively—the development of every natural re-

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source—the broad brotherhood of mankind—the blending of all languages and intermixture of all races under one religion. There must be no more warfare within our borders; we must quit the trail for the breaking-plow, since pastoral life was the next thing for the Indian. So reasoning, I renounced finally my bow and arrows for the spade and pen; I took off my soft moccasins and put on the rather heavy and clumsy but durable shoes. Every day of my life I put into use every English word that I knew. I was now eighteen years of age, well drilled in the philosophy of the Indian, alert and tireless in every faculty, and here for the first time I permitted myself to think and act as a white man.

THE FAMILY

OF the three books[1] on which this article is based, "Sex and Society" is made up of a number of essays originally published independently, and has its unity in the fact that these essays have a common theme. Only incidentally does it treat of marriage and the family, and only in one chapter, and that on the adventitious character of a woman, does it deal to any considerable extent with modern woman or modern problems. Mrs. Parsons's book on "The Family" is offered avowedly as a text-book, "a pedagogic device for the university lecturers who are so commonly called upon to conduct elementary courses in sociology." It is scholarly, abounds with references to authorities and to text-books for the student's reading, but deals almost wholly with the family in its primitive forms. Only the last two chapters have anything of importance to say concerning the modern family—less than forty pages out of a volume of three hundred and sixty-four pages. In our judgment, it is wholly inadequate as a text-book for the study of the family, because it practically ignores the nature, origin, function, and laws of the modern Christian family, which is what the student most needs to comprehend. Helen Bosanquet's book on "The Family" is in form less scientific, but is in reality more so. It is divided into two parts of about equal length, the first dealing historically with the Family. Unlike Mrs. Parsons's volume, it brings this history down through the Middle Ages to the present time. The second part of the book is devoted to the modern family, and is evidently based not merely upon second-hand information derived from other books, but upon a direct first-hand study of the modern family as it exists in England in different social circles; and it treats the family, not as a mere physical organization, but as a vital, human, spiritual organization bound together by spiritual forces and working out spiritual results.

In the study of any organization we ask ourselves such questions as the following: What is this organization? What is its origin? What is its function? What part does it play in the economy of life? What are the laws of its nature, obedience to which will promote its health and welfare, disobedience to which will cause disease and perhaps death? If it is a complex and perfected organization, what has been the history of its evolution, what its early forms? The study of the family involves a consideration of these questions. We cannot, of course, in a brief article answer them; we can only indicate illustratively the nature of the questions and suggest some of the answers.

Helen Bosanquet answers satisfactorily the first question: "What is a family, and what is its purpose? No one will feel himself at a loss in answering the question; man, woman, and child, the 'practical syllogism,' two premises and their conclusion, these in their combination form the Family, and the purpose of the combination is the mutual convenience and protection of all the members belonging to it." This is the family, and

[1] Sex and Society. By William I. Thomas. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago.
The Family. By Elsie Parsons, Ph.D. G. P. Futnam's Sons, New York.
The Family. By Helen Bosanquet. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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it exists in various forms. It may be a man and several women; that is, it may be a polygamous marriage; but throughout Christendom it is one man and one woman mated to each other with their child or children. The Christian family is monogamous.

What is the origin of this family—not out of what previous organization did the present family grow, but how is the specific family constructed? By marriage; and by this is meant, not a wedding ceremony, but, according to Mrs. Parsons, an agreement to live together until the birth of offspring. Professor Thomas's definition is better. It is an agreement to live together until the offspring have grown into a condition of independence of the parents. "Among mankind the longer dependence of children results in a correspondingly lengthened and intimate association of the parents, which we denominate marriage. For Westermarck is quite right in his view that children are not the result of marriage, but marriage is the result of children."

The answers to these two questions indicate the answer to the third—the function of the family. This is the birth, rearing, and training for manhood and womanhood of children. This is the most important function in life; therefore the family is the most important of all social organizations. For life has for its ultimate end nothing else than this—the creation of noble characters. Into the family the children are born; in the family they are prepared for their future careers; they grow up to manhood and womanhood; by marriage they form new families; in these new families new children are born and reared; the original father and mother, in the order of nature, live until the new family is launched, enjoy for a little while the pleasures which the grandchildren bring, without incurring the responsibilities of parenthood; then they die and leave the process to be repeated by future generations. To protect and promote this process of character-building, governments are organized, industry maintained, schools and churches supported. All other functions in life are subsidiary to this one essential function; all other organizations in life are to be tested by their efficacy in protecting and promoting this one essential function.

What are the laws of the family? What are the forces which unite this husband and wife, these parents and children, together, which if they be strengthened will promote the health and happiness of the family, which if they be weakened will tend to the disintegration and perhaps absolute dissolution of the family? No doubt the sexual passions are at the basis of the family organization, but they do not constitute this bond, for they may be and often are gratified outside the family. Doubtless there are economical advantages in the family organization. They are pointed out very clearly by Helen Bosanquet; but no one will suppose that the family is primarily an industrial corporation. Doubtless the bonds are reinforced somewhat by the laws of the land, still more by public opinion. There are families that are held together merely by the cost which legal separation would entail or by the social disgrace which would ensue upon the dissolution of the bond; but no observer of life can imagine that the family is held together simply by law, as the slave was held to his master in slavery, or by the force of an external public opinion. We have still to ask, What brought this law and this public opinion into existence?

The real bond which holds the family together is love, "the bond of perfectness." There is no spectrum that will analyze the white light of love into its various constituent elements, but we may safely say that family affection has features which distinguish it from other forms of affection; that the love of parents for children is something more than the compassion which the strong feel for the weak, and the love a husband and wife have for each other is something other than the love that either has for friends of the same sex. Without undertaking the difficult if not impossible analysis, we may at least say that this kind of love includes a feeling of chivalry on the part of the man for the woman, a feeling of trust and confidence on the part of the woman for the man, a guarding and protecting love in

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the parents for the children, and a loyal and filial love in the children for the parents.

This mysterious, undefinable, transcendent feeling, which binds the family together, which makes it possible for the family to fulfill its functions, and which has created for its support and the support of society the marriage laws and public opinion, is a love that is more than good nature, that is more than friendship; a love that takes not only for sickness and health, and for richer and poorer, but also for better and for worse; a love that "beareth all things, trusteth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." It is this love which holds together in the family members of very different individual characteristics and temperaments. It may be that Mr. Chesterton is paradoxical when he says that "the family is a good institution because it is uncongenial," but he is not at all paradoxical when he proceeds to illustrate this proposition: "It is exactly because our brother George is not interested in our religious difficulties, but is interested in the Trocadero Restaurant, that the family has something of the bracing qualities of the commonwealth. It is precisely because our uncle Henry does not approve of the theatrical ambitions of our sister Sarah that the family is like humanity. The men and women who, for good reasons and bad, revolt against the family are, for good reasons and bad, simply revolting against mankind."

There is no space here to indicate the evolution of the family or to consider what were its primitive forms. It must suffice to say that there is no indication that it has grown out of any previous condition of promiscuity; on the contrary, to quote from Helen Bosanquet, "as far back, then, as we can penetrate into the early history of the human race, we find the Family already existing, and we find the father as the protector and master of the Family."

These considerations, briefly as they are here stated, afford a sufficient reply to those who would seek a remedy for domestic unhappiness in the easy dissolution of the marriage bond. The remedy for the ills of life is never fleeing from them, but patiently enduring and ultimately overcoming them. They furnish a complete answer to the hypothetical suggestion of "trial marriages" made by Mrs. Parsons in her chapter on "Ethical Considerations." It is true that if we desire to maintain the Christian family, public opinion must demand the absolute chastity of both sexes until marriage; it is true that the alternative—disregard of chastity of both sexes before marriage—is not desirable or even tolerable; but her conclusion from these premises is extraordinary. We are not quite clear how Mrs. Parsons means her suggestion to be taken. If she means that trial marriages are desirable in the present state of society, her suggestion is as inconsistent with any scientific view of the family as it is repugnant to the moral instincts. If she means that, provided chastity before marriage cannot be made the social custom, trial marriages might advantageously be substituted for prostitution, it is as if she were to say, If honesty cannot be secured in business, it might be well to require the thief to return the stolen property after possessing it for a year. The conclusions induced by scientific study of the family are no less inconsistent with the plans of those *pseudo* reformers who would take children from their parents and give them at once to the keeping of expert nurses and teachers, and reduce the family to a merely industrial organization, and with the practice of those who, without adopting any theory, do in fact turn their children off to the care of nurses and governesses, and at the earliest practicable moment send them out of the family to school. The school is an invaluable adjunct to the family; it is a wretched substitute for it—a truth which Helen Bosanquet puts very forcibly in a passage which we can only imperfectly represent by the following abstract:

> Generally speaking, the child is valued in the home for what he is, while in the school he is valued in the main for what he is to be. . . . Who can question the incalculable benefit to a child, as indeed to all of us, however old, of feeling that his mere presence gives pleasure to some one, that some one really cares to know all his little secrets and fancies and troubles, and that there is some one with whom he lives in an equality of affection where differences of age

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and intellect are merged? . . . The relation of the child to the home has in it far more of mutual service and reciprocity than is possible in the school. Children are naturally eager to share in the occupations and work of their elders, to do the things which "grown up" people do, and in any well-regulated family care is taken that this natural impulse of the child receives satisfaction and guidance. . . . The relation with the family is, normally, a permanent one. Hence, though it begins in absolute dependence of the child upon its parents, it gradually develops—at any rate among the majority of the people—into one of mutual support and assistance. The child knows from very early years that the time is coming when he will be expected to take his share in the responsibilities of the family; later on when he will himself be responsible for the maintenance of a family; and, later still, when his parents will look to him for some return of the care and support which he received from them as a child. . . . To every parent his own children are unique; they have their own characteristics in which he delights—partly, no doubt, because he thinks they come from him—and he does not want to see these obliterated. . . . *Per contra:* One of the principal lessons which the child has to learn at school is that of conforming to universal laws; to feel that he has to play up to what is expected of a boy of his age, to overcome his own special difficulties or likings for the sake of promoting the work of the class.

The family is the oldest of all social organizations. As it is the oldest, so it is the most fundamental and the most important. Upon the family are built both the State and the Church. Whatever weakens the family ties and tends to the dissolution of the family weakens both the political and the religious bonds and tends to the dissolution of society. Whatever tends to lower its moral tone tends to corrupt society at its fountain head. Whatever makes for true, pure homes makes for a pure religion and an honorable State. And neither statesman nor ecclesiastic, however great his fame or high his position, equals in dignity and influence the fathers and the mothers, who are the first of sovereigns and the divinest of priests.

Comment on Current Books

The Life of a Courageous Woman

More than fifty years ago the first book by Isabella Bird was published. Two generations have enjoyed her accounts of travels, but few people have known that she was from childhood a suffering invalid, at times quite incapacitated by acute pain. She exemplified Dr. Holmes's receipt for longevity. She had an incurable affliction of the spine, yet within her tiny, frail body were a strong spirit and a well-trained, insatiable mind. She made long journeys through America, Japan, India, and China, penetrating Tibet and riding across Persia. Little journeys in civilized countries counted for nothing in her experience. She was highly esteemed by expert travelers, and her observations, kept in voluminous notebooks and letters, were regarded as of great value. She was made a member of the Royal Geographical Society and other scientific bodies, and while she did not consider herself a geographer, and was modest in the extreme, she added much to our stock of information regarding Oriental lands and people. The picture of her child life, in the cultivated atmosphere of her father's rectory, is very attractive. When she was grown to young womanhood, she and her sister were left alone and were congenial companions. Her marriage to Dr. Bishop took place after her sister's death, when she was past middle life, and for five years she rested in the devotion of a man who is described as of lofty spirit and great usefulness. Upon his death the passion for travel seized Mrs. Bishop anew, and she made some of her most perilous journeys when she was nearly sixty years of age. The story of her life[1] has been written by a devoted friend, and is both a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Bishop's character and a fine estimate of her accomplishments. Upon her return from an extended tour in China she began to arouse the English public to the need of medical missions in the East, and was an ardent and effective advocate. She established three hospitals, containing 160 beds, in memory of Dr. Bishop and her sister, building them with money earned by her books. She formed decided opinions in regard to Oriental religions, quite different from those she held before she traveled. Mohammedanism, she said, was the most blighting, withering, degrading influence of any of the false creeds. "There is no resurrection power" in any Asiatic faith, she averred, nothing to arrest their further downward descent. Some of her

[1] The Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop). By Anna M. Stoddart. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5, net.

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addresses were powerful because of the glimpses she gave of a personal knowledge of the sort of sins that canker the Eastern world. Yet she was most broad-minded, recognizing the good in all religions. She had never belonged to that class who deblatterate against missions, as Robert Louis Stevenson said, but she had been awakened from her apathy in regard to them by what she actually saw and felt. A peculiarly lonely woman, she gathered devoted friends everywhere, and died surrounded by the loving care of those who were left of a large circle. Born in 1831, she died in 1904, after a remarkably active and interesting life, honored and loved in every land she had visited.

Correggio Correggio's works are in the highest sense original and complete. In the opinion of Correggio enthusiasts, Raphael's Madonnas and Michelangelo's prophets are not more distinguished in these respects. Mr. Berenson once said, "Centuries had to elapse before emotions so intense as those Correggio felt found expression in literature—in Shelley when he is at his best and in Keats when he is perfect." Another and certainly no less distinguished art critic, Signor Ricci, in discussing the same subject, harks back instead of coming forward in time, and quotes from Dante, in order to find words to carry a proper impression of that received by him from Correggio's works. While it may be useful to compare Titian with Shakespeare or Michelangelo with Milton, it is only confusing, says Correggio's latest biographer,[1] to use Shelley or Dante to help us to define what we mean by Correggio. Mr. Sturge Moore, therefore, sets himself to define the distinctive temper, address, inspiration, and quality of Correggio's work, its true proportions both within itself and in relation to other art. The result, though somewhat spun out in generalizations, is interesting, suggestive, and important, especially as coming from one who questions the value of the aims and methods of modern historical art criticism.

Whistler Four qualities specially distinguish Whistler's pictures. First, they are subtly but powerfully human. Secondly, they emphasize the casual note—a quality also characteristic of much of Mr. Sargent's work. Thirdly, they concentrate attention upon a single point of interest and yet combine with this the coincident recession of an apparently infinitely extended environment. Finally, they represent the restraint of everything not quite worthy of good taste; as Whistler was accustomed to say, "A picture is finished when all trace of the means now used to bring about the end has disappeared." Hence he would obliterate every appearance of labor. These four characteristics express essential modernity. They and the tendencies exercised upon Whistler by America, England, France, Japan, become more evident if we glance at a series of illustrations of his pictures taken in chronological sequence, as in the latest book about the great painter and etcher. Whether regarded as a biographical sketch, a description of Whistler's works, or a critical study of his theory of art, Miss Cary's volume[1] merits attention both from the learned and the unlearned. The accomplished writer who has helped men and women to appreciate Rossetti has certainly not failed in attempting to help them to understand and appreciate Whistler. She is admirable alike in the selection of material and in the non-technical treatment of his inspiration. The book is beautifully printed, as its text merits.

Lord Milner and South Africa It is interesting to contrast the impressive opening of the first Transvaal Parliament with the criticisms made by British Conservatives on the terms of the peace of Vereeniging, which closed the Boer War. There was then serious question as to whether the conquerors should allow the Boers to possess rifles for their own protection, and as to whether the Dutch language was to be recognized in the law courts and public schools whenever the Boers desired it. Both concessions have now been amply justified by considerations of practical convenience and of sound policy. A book essential to a full understanding of the causes which led to the Boer War and of the events of that war is Mr. Basil Worsfold's "Lord Milner's Work in South Africa from 1897–1902,"[2] the first period of that able High Commissioner's administration. Interest in this well-printed publication is heightened by the author's long study of British colonies, particularly those of South Africa, and also by the fact that the book contains hitherto unpublished information.

Heroines of French Society An exhaustless mine of treasure to writers is found in the annals of French society. Mrs. Bearne, a student of the subject, has made an entertaining, gossipy book[3] about four of these heroines who lived during the Revolution and the years immediately preceding and following it. Quite dif-

[1] Correggio. By T. Moore. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2, net.

[1] The Works of James McNeill Whistler. A Study by Elisabeth Luther Cary. Moffat, Yard & Co. $4, net.

[2] Lord Milner's Work in South Africa. By W. Basil Worsfold. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.50, net.

[3] Heroines of French Society. By Mrs. Bearne. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3, net.

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ferent in character, influence, and purpose, these four make an interesting group. They figured in the old Court, in the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration. Madame Le Brun, of humble birth, unhappy domestic life, but strong in religious principle and passionately devoted to her great art, lived to an honored and loved old age, having passed many years in England, exiled from her beloved France. She has left beautiful memorials both of her genius and of her personality. La Marquise de Montagu, of exalted family, lived the life of a saint in the midst of corrupt social conditions. She endured with heroic fortitude long years of terror, poverty, and humiliation, and was, as her biographer says, a mixture of *grande dame* and saint. Her life as an exile was shadowed and unhappy. In Madame Tallien a greater change is seen. Early influenced by revolutionary theories, both socially and morally, she gave herself up to promoting her ideas, regardless of religion or conventional restraint. Her generous nature and her great talents, however, won for her a place in the affections of her countrymen. In later life she married the Prince de Chimay, and renounced her errors, regretting her indiscretions in a truly French manner. Of Madame de Genlis much has been written, yet many episodes in her life remain mysterious. Ambitious, complaisant, yet marvelously strong on the proprieties, she wrote several books expounding her extraordinary notions in regard to education, which seem preposterous in these days. Mrs. Bearne writes fluently, and opens here and there a door through which the lover of personal anecdote and gossip can get glimpses of characteristic French court society.

The Adriatic Side of Italy

If this large volume[1] could be divided into four small ones, the work would prove practical and valuable to travelers. For their use the volume is too large. For the use of stay-at-home travelers, however, the volume should make quick appeal. It contains much information, clearly and compactly put. Nevertheless, we wish that the author's manner were more vivacious, and that the color of the history described were as equally evident as its outline. Mr. Jackson's province, of course, embraces Venice, but, in view of the many histories and descriptions of Venice, he has done wisely, we think, to omit it from a book portly enough without it. It is a satisfaction to those who know Italy to feel that at last such too little described regions as the Friuli, for instance, have been brought to the reader's attention.

[1] The Shores of the Adriatic: The Italian Side. By F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6, net.

Leonardo da Vinci's Thoughts on Art and Life

One reason why the Italian Renaissance was notable was because of its union of the rational and the mystical. In art, probably the most perfect expression of this union was reached by Leonardo da Vinci. It is a satisfaction to note that in his introductory essay to the opening volume[1] of the altogether exquisite "Humanist's Library" Mr. Lewis Einstein lays particular emphasis on this feature of the Renaissance in general, and particularly on Leonardo's contribution to it. The volume comprises a selection from Leonardo's note-books, translated by Mr. Maurice Baring. It appropriately follows Mr. McCurdy's equally admirable selection and translation, on which The Outlook commented recently.

Political Phrases

A novel reference-book and one which fills distinctively a field of its own is this "Dictionary of Political Phrases and Allusions."[2] It is of English origin, and naturally relates almost solely to English affairs. Its general character may be indicated by three or four titles which appear on a page to which we open. These are: Jameson Raid Inquiry, Jesse Collings Amendment (*see* Three Acres and a Cow), Jingo, Jewish Disabilities, Juvenile Court Bill, 1906. To any one having occasion to refer to British acts of legislation or to catchwords of British politics the usefulness of this volume is obvious.

Three Acres and Liberty

By means of alluring photographs, interesting figures, and much compiling, the author of this book,[3] Bolton Hall, makes us feel that we need not be tied to a desk—but, like a freed horse, "trot off" if we will. A little bit of land, not too far from the city, if intelligently cultivated, he declares, will support a family, and give them a life far more wholesome than they could ever have in the crowded city. Intensive cultivation is the password now, and if any one wishes to know all about roseate possibilities, let him read this book. Long ago we were told that "Ten Acres" were "enough." Now we are more modest, and find liberty in Three Acres.

[1] Leonardo da Vinci's Thoughts on Art and Life. The Humanist's Library. Lewis Einstein, Editor. The Merrymount Press, Boston.

[2] A Dictionary of Political Phrases and Allusions. By Hugh Montgomery and Philip G. Cambray. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2 net.

[3] Three Acres and Liberty. By Bolton Hall. Assisted by R. F. Powell. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75, net.

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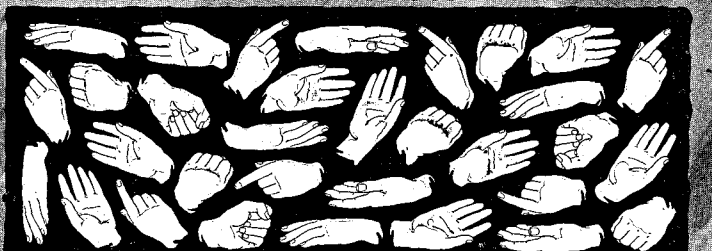

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"For 30 years I drank coffee for breakfast and dinner but some 5 years ago I found that it was producing indigestion and heartburn, and was making me restless at night. These symptoms were followed by brain-fag and a sluggish mental condition.

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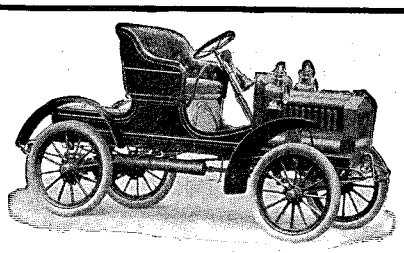

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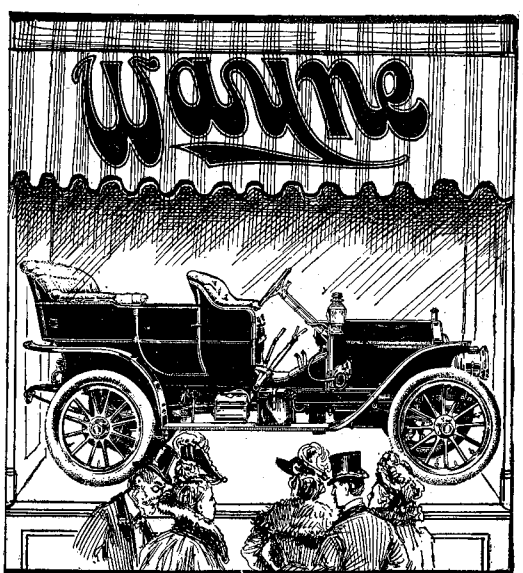

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